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# At the Belvoir Hunt Point-to-Point Races.



Lady Marion Cameron.

Lady Irene Curzon (right)



Lord Chesham, with Capt. & Mrs. Wardell and friends.

Major & Mrs. Whaley & Lady Bridget King-Tenison.



Miss Reeve & Captain Morton.



Lady Granby.



Lady Carisbrooke, Miss Baird & Lady Granby.

## WHERE PRINCE HENRY COMPETED AND DISTRIBUTED THE PRIZES: SOCIETY AT BARROWBY.

Prince Henry rode his horse Rathgarogue in the 10th Hussars' Regimental Race at the Belvoir Hunt Point-to-Point Races, and was a good second, being beaten by a length. Our photographs show some of the well-known people at the meeting. Lady Bridget King-Tenison is the youngest daughter of the Earl of Kingston. Lady Marion Cameron is the youngest daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, and was married to Captain Patrick

Keith Cameron in 1918. The Marchioness of Granby is the daughter-in-law of the Duke of Rutland, and was formerly Miss Kathleen Tennant. Lady Irene Curzon is the eldest daughter of Marquess Curzon of Kedleston. Lady Carisbrooke is the wife of the Marquess of Carisbrooke, son of Princess Beatrice, and is the daughter of the second Earl of Londesborough and sister of the present peer.—[Photographs by S. and G. and Alferi.]

# The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sundreams out of Cucumbers."

## The Grafton Hunt Point-to-Point.

A whole day in the open at the Grafton Hunt Point-to-Point at Litchborough quite restored the somewhat London-grey spirits of Jane. But we were all dreadfully upset when Prince Henry just missed winning his race on Ocean III. His horse is a wondrous fine fencer, but was beaten for pace on the flat. Mr. W. Low's horse beat him by three-quarters of a length, though his Royal Highness led all the way and was first at the last jump, being passed just on the post by Magic.

And as though the breathlessness of watching that race was not excitement enough for one day, Lord Burghersh must needs frighten the life out of us by having a most narrow escape on Hadlow Down, Mr. W. B. Stoke's horse! The animal fell and broke its back, luckless beast, and for a moment we feared young Burghersh was killed too. But fortunately he fell clear, and although badly shaken, he was assisted to walk to the dressing-tent, and later we heard he was little the worse for his perilous adventure.

The 2nd Life Guards' race—the light-weight—was won by Captain Beaumont's Harlow; Captain Adrian Bethell's Dianthus won the heavy-weight; and the Grenadier Guards' race was won by Lord Henry Seymour's Bronfey.

Next day, house-parties assembled all over the Belvoir country for the point-to-point at Barrowby, on Thursday. Prince Henry stayed at Belvoir Castle, the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, who had asked a number of young people to meet him. Lord and Lady Granby were, of course, included, and Lady Diana Cooper, as well as her cousin, Miss Betty Manners, Lord and Lady Airlie, Lord and Lady Ednam, Lord William Scott, Captain Stanyforth, and Major Ralph Peto.

Again Prince Henry rode his own horse in the race for past and present officers of the 10th Hussars—the regiment he has recently joined, that is now stationed at Canterbury. Lord Airlie also competed in this race, and Lord Chesham, while Captain Michael Wardell, another 10th Hussar, entertained a merry party for the point-to-point at Wicklow Lodge, Melton Mowbray. Major Bouch, the Master of the Belvoir, entertained a house-party that included Lord and Lady Chesham, Lady Marion Cameron, Colonel Reginald Chaplin, and Colonel "Archie" Seymour, of the Scots Greys.

**Princess Mary in Florence.** I know the Villa Medici well, and am sure Princess Mary will fully appreciate the joys of it. It is a very characteristic corner of the Arno Valley, with its terraced garden, its old Florentine wells and fountains,

and with the delightful rooms decorated over a century ago by the famous Lady Orford.

There is one room—a salon—in the Villa Medici, hung with beautiful Chinese paper—the first to reach Europe. Almost its exact counterpart hangs in one of the state bedrooms at Houghton—also decorated under the supervision of Lord and Lady Orford—now, of course, occupied by Lord and Lady Rocksavage.

Who would not like to be seeing Florence for the first time? And the romantic Arno river, and the broad fertile valleys enclosed between spurs of the Apennines, with stone pine, cypress, ilex, poplar, and the abundance of flowers that give Firenze its title of *la città dei fiori*. True, people say the drainage is still far from perfect, but water brought from the hills in pipes is crystal—clear and sweet.

Then, among the many churches, there are Santa Maria del Fiore; the Duomo, with the famous Campanile near by, built by Giotto and adorned with exquisite bas-reliefs; immediately opposite, the Baptistery, with its beautiful bronze doors; and within walking distance, the Badia, Santo Spirito, Santa Maria Novella

—to mention just a few of many famous churches that have attracted lovers of the beautiful from all countries through the ages.

And the old streets and *piazze* of the city, the splendid palaces, especially the Palazzo Vecchio (now the Town Hall), the Palazzo Riccardi (the ancient residence of the Medici, now the Prefecture), and all the rest, glowing with beauty under the bluest heaven imaginable.

And for wet days, or days when the wind is too cold for outdoor enjoyment, there are the Uffizi Art Galleries, and the Pitti and the Accademia, filled with masterpieces by Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Perugino, Ghirlandajo, Botticelli, the Lippis, and numerous other Florentine, Venetian, Umbrian, Dutch, and Flemish artists. And youth—and love—and the comfort that only money can buy, after all, in any country; and the promise of deeper joys to follow, more worlds to explore, more beauty to discover. . . . Yes; Princess Mary is surely one of the happiest mortals on earth!

## The Lord Chancellor's Party.

Of course, Mr. Montagu was the principal topic of conversation at the evening party given on Friday the 17th, at the House of Lords. Such a wonderful party, with the Lord Chancellor as host for the first time since he took office, and Lady Birkenhead proving herself his equal in repartee and ready wit, and Miss Eleanor Smith *au courant* with all the delicate details of the principal political questions of the day.



The brilliant jewellery of the ladies, the gay uniforms and levée dress and multitudinous decorations of the men, the beautiful setting of dignified and ancient walls—above all, the atmosphere of hushed expectancy as though everyone there was prepared to hear a momentous and epoch-making announcement (and, indeed, there were several unofficial ones)—Jane was all a-flutter with excitement. But the Army and the Axe intrigued her most. There were so many contradictory rumours.

Sir Laming Worthington-Evans himself is most discreet, and said nothing at all. But there were numerous generals who gave tongue, in startling contrast to their erstwhile attitudes of "strong, silent men."

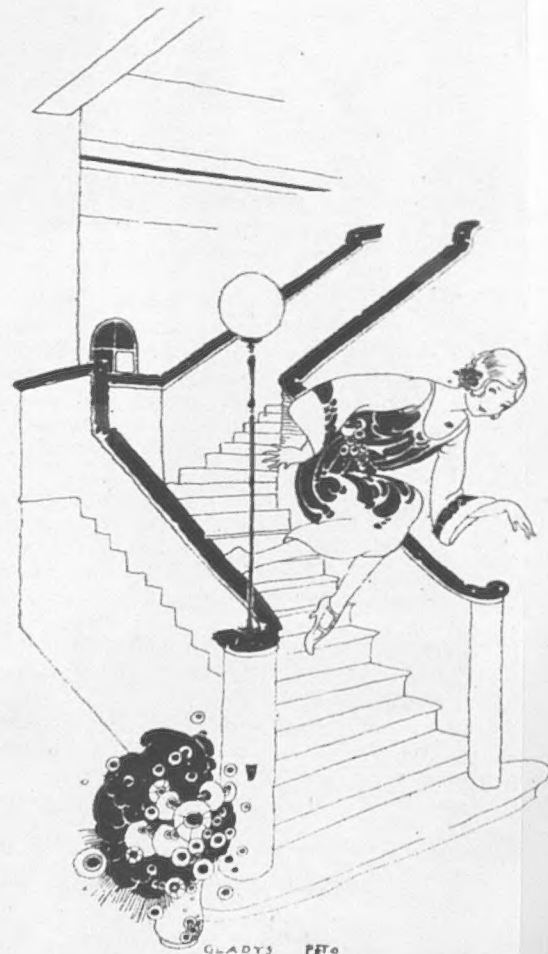
One asked: "How many divisions could the War Office send to India to-morrow if necessary?" Another answered: "Divisions? Divisions? Why, nowadays we only think in battalions. We might send a battalion or so."

Another observed: "We need all we can muster for possible trouble—more trouble—in Ireland. Egypt is seething with unrest. There are gloomy possibilities in Palestine—in Mesopotamia. Who is to police our outposts of Empire? Who is to guard against revolution at home, for that matter?"

And Jane the Irrepressible answered: "Sir Eric Geddes, perhaps, with his little honest axe he will slay every foe." And one of the generals laughed, but the rest of 'em only



1. Angela is so delighted with the Singing Duck of "Mayfair and Montmartre" that she decides to be a duck-trainer also—and obtains a couple of fine specimens. The darling dogs simply can't bear them.



2. So while Angela is answering the telephone—only to be met, of course, with: "Sorry-you-have-been-troubled—"



looked very, very gloomy, and an expressionless major said: "Our regimental establishments are reduced by 46,000 men—a little over two divisions—two divisions of Regulars. There is to be no Militia—and very greatly reduced Reserves."

A young captain, with fire in his eyes and feeling in his voice, then held forth at too great a length for quotation verbatim. We were going to lose the flower of the Army, he said—the historic regiments and batteries to whose traditions centuries had contributed chapter on chapter. It was like tearing down Westminster Abbey. It was like desecrating the British flag itself. They—those old soldiers—had made the British flag. Who was Sir Eric Geddes? Who was ——— for that matter? But military discipline triumphed, and he questioned not his superior officers (if a Secretary of State for War can be said to be a superior officer).

Then, as feeling grew hot, we talked of the Peel case, and the Rand rebels, and the Kemalists in London, and whether Mr. Lloyd George would really listen to Lenin at Genoa, and most of us decided that, after all, there is no harm in listening to anyone. There is a saying about giving a man rope enough to hang himself . . . (Lenin, I mean, not Lloyd George) and there is a certain subtlety in the policy of appearing to be on the opposite side to the angels. But it is early days to prophesy, and now that the hour of Woman has arrived, anything may happen.

Premiers in the future will be chosen for their good looks—according to a cynical old philosopher, who tried to persuade a handsome soldier friend of mine to stand for Parliament. Every woman will vote for the best-looking man. And it would be, after all, just the same in the long run.

**Servants, Please!** It is all very well for Mr. Fisher to preach education. What the world wants to-day—the social world, the political world, *all* the world—is *servants*. Mr. Montagu, in an interview, said that Mr. Fisher's head on a salver would be the next offering of the Prime Minister to the Die-Hards (or something like that he said).

But really the Die-Hards, the Coalition, the Wee Frees, and all the rest, would much prefer a good old-fashioned illiterate cook in their several kitchens—a butler who would condescend to butle, a footman or two who were not above themselves, and, above all, some maidservants who *could* not read penny novelettes!

Education! What is it but an attempt to make cabbages into chrysanthemums?—or chrysanthemæ I suppose Mr. Fisher would have me say.

I always believe that self-education is the only kind that really matters. If cabbages

have it in them to evolve into patrician flora, they will find a way. But if all the common cabbages are to refuse to fulfil their natural destiny in the kitchen garden, what is to nourish the gardener, or the master, or the market, or the little cabbages, for that matter?

But I can't help thinking that Mr. Montagu only brought in Mr. Fisher to draw fire, so to speak. One must feel a bit lonely when the entire House of Commons are against you—and most of the Press, and all the Christians, and a preponderating number of the distant Moslems—to say nothing of Mr. Austen Chamberlain and Lord Curzon, who by his restraint and dignity certainly carried the noble lords, even before he had convinced them by reading his famous letter.

What the public does not know is the most amusing of the whole week—that is to say, that after Mr. Montagu had received Lord Curzon's "hectoring, bullying, plaintive" letter, he did not think it necessary to refrain from attending a big luncheon party at 1, Carlton House Terrace! Which made his subsequent speech at Cambridge all the more astonishing! Politics are incomprehensible!

#### Returning Travellers.

Lord and Lady Blandford are home again from the Riviera. Lady Blandford was looking as lovely as ever the other evening at a small party. Mrs. Rowland Leigh and her daughter, Miss Peggy

Leigh, have returned to Upper Berkeley Street after their visit to America.

Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall are expected home soon from Australia, where he was Governor of South Australia, but has lately resigned. And two ladies who have had a most enjoyable time exploring British East Africa are Lady Idina Gordon and Lady Drogheda, who are returning, however, to Paris early next month.

It is a wonderful time to come home: new leaves beginning to shoot in all the parks though the country is still mid-wintery; new plays at many of the theatres—which reminds me that I saw five running last week: quite the best way of seeing plays if you are in the mood, and have a congenial companion who doesn't object to arriving just as the curtain goes up.

#### An Engagement.

Next week, Miss Cynthia Astell, the younger daughter of Lady de l'Isle and Dudley, is to be married to Mr. Thomas Hohler at St. George's, Hanover Square. Miss Astell is a step-daughter of Lord de l'Isle and Dudley, her mother having been the widow of Mr. W. H. Astell, of Woodbury Hall, Sandry.

Miss Astell's fiancé, Mr. Thomas Hohler, is H.B.M.'s Minister at Budapest. He is the uncle of the late Colonel Arthur Hohler, who was killed during the war, and who had married Miss Astell's elder sister.

And that is all for this issue—except that I hear from Paris that Miss Diamond Hardinge, who is extraordinarily young for the great position she has to fill, is becoming more

and more popular in a land where even the most *mondaines* like their *jeunes filles* to be *très comme-il-faut*. Miss Hardinge is still refreshingly shy—a quality as becoming as it is rare in these days of young creatures who invariably know more than their grandmothers.

And another notable engagement—that of Miss Grisell Cochrane Baillie, Lord and Lady Lamington's only girl, to Lieutenant Commander Edward Hastings, Admiral and Mrs. Hastings' popular sailor son.

#### The Concealed Telephone.

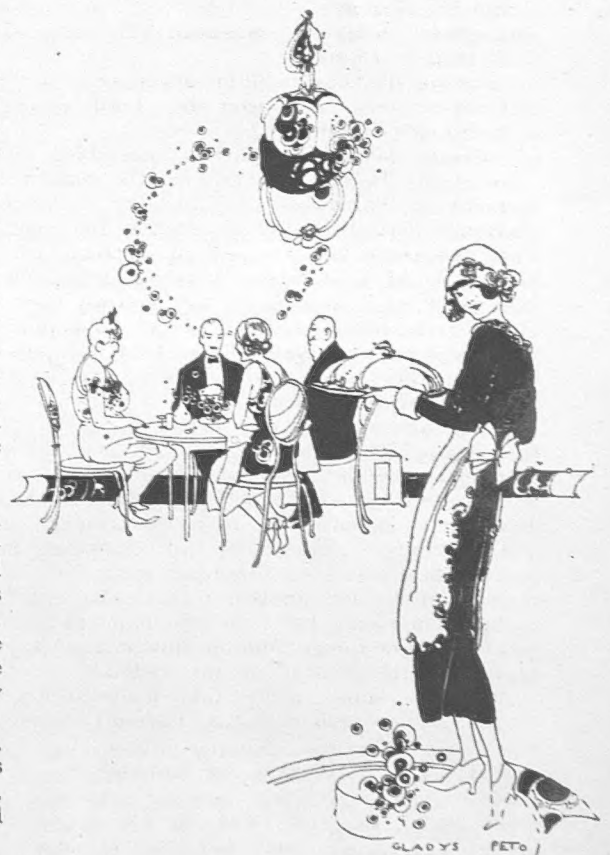
And, to switch suddenly from people to things, I've recently been much amused and interested by the different methods of concealing the telephone which are now in vogue. It is not at all "the thing" to have that necessary instrument displayed in its shiny black nudity in your hall, boudoir, or drawing-room, and a heap of ingenuity is shown in the different devices by which it is hidden. The other day I went to lunch at a house where the landing was occupied by a beautiful sedan chair with the original upholstered cushions on which exquisite powdered and patched ladies once poised themselves. It has been converted into the 'phone call-box for the family, and the daughter of the house, Miss Nineteen-Twenty-Two, may now sit in the chair puffing her cigarette, and arranging her engagements with Tom, Fred, or the favourite of the moment who has given her his morning call by wire!

Mrs. McGrath, formerly "Sita" Forbes, of exploring fame, has another method. I was having tea with her the other day in her South Audley Street flat, and admired the black-and-gold lacquer furniture which her boudoir and drawing-room contain. A particularly pretty cabinet, made in the shape of a house, specially intrigued me, and just as I was examining it the telephone bell rang insistently. Mrs. McGrath at once opened the front door of the "house," and extracted the instrument. Other telephones in smart houses are hidden beneath dolls dressed in voluminous crinolines or farthingales; but personally I give the palm to the lacquer cabinet.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



3. They take drastic steps and remove the hated rivals from their path . . .



4. . . . And so a splendid dinner is provided for Uncle Nathaniel and Auntie Clare, who are due for their annual visit.

# Imprisonment in the Second Division: Its Meaning.

By T. C. BRIDGES.

**Few Privileges.** When Captain Owen Peel received a sentence of twelve months in the "Second Division," many people exclaimed at the lightness of the punishment. Questioning one of these as to his ideas on the subject of

He is not compelled to have his hair cropped, but this is no particular concession, for by a recent ruling of the Prison Commissioners the same privilege has been extended to all prisoners, and even to convicts. His cell is exactly like that of any other prisoner, but he is allowed a mattress from the first, and the regulations state that he is not to be deprived of his mattress unless in very exceptional circumstances.

This cell he has to sweep out and keep clean, just as is done by the rest of the prisoners. He must also clean all the utensils; and this is no easy task for hands unaccustomed to the work. To satisfy the officials, the tins must be scrubbed and polished until they resemble silver.

Three friends or relatives may be admitted at once, but the time-limit is only a quarter of an hour.

Until quite lately prisoner and visitors were separated by a double grille between which a warder was posted. It was a dismal and depressing business for all concerned. A new regulation has abolished the grille, but the warder still remains in the room so as to make certain that nothing contraband is handed in to the prisoner.

The grille, it is said, came in originally because a visitor, in kissing a prisoner, passed to him a pellet of poison with which he ended his life.

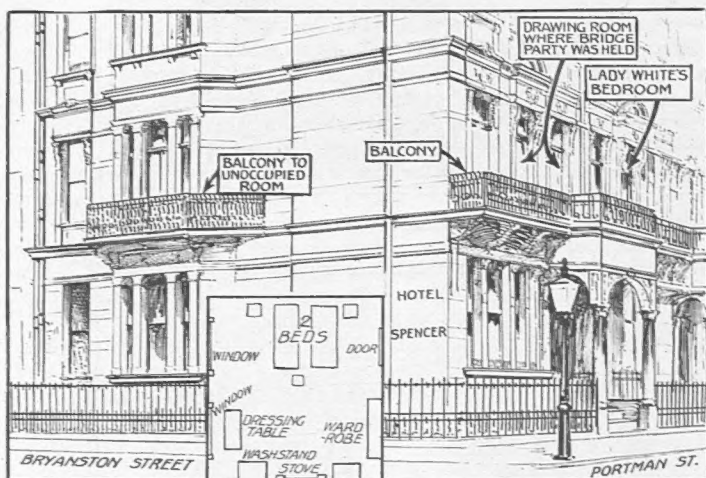
The second-class prisoner may have his own minister to see him, if he does not belong to one of the usual denominations. He can, of course, see the Governor, chaplain, or doctor if he desires to do so. For this purpose he has only to put down his name as soon as his cell is unlocked in the morning.

He is subject to all the ordinary prison rules, and will be punished for any breach of them. The usual punishment is loss of remission, thereby increasing the period of his imprisonment.

## The Prisoner's Work.

His chief advantage is in the matter of labour. A Second Division prisoner is never put to what might be called hard labour, such as stone-breaking or digging. Nevertheless, he must work.

Possibly he will be put to tailoring, or he may be made a baker, a cook, or a bake-house orderly. These are considered the "cushy" jobs in the under-world of prison life, and in a local prison they are reserved for Second Division men and for "stars"—that is, ordinary prisoners who are serving a first term in prison.



THE SCENE OF THE STRANGE MURDER OF LADY WHITE: A DIAGRAM OF THE OUTSIDE OF THE SPENCER HOTEL, SHOWING THE POSITION OF LADY WHITE'S BED-ROOM.

Lady White, who formerly lived in Upper Berkeley Street, had a bed-room at the Spencer Hotel, which is really four inter-communicating houses in Portman Street. On Monday, March 13, she went to bed about 11 p.m., after spending the evening playing bridge with other ladies at the hotel. The following morning the chamber-maid made the discovery that Lady White was lying unconscious in bed with her face covered with blood. A doctor was summoned and found that her skull was fractured by a terrible blow, apparently caused by a blunt instrument. Nothing was missing from the room. Lady White died without recovering consciousness.

By courtesy of the "Daily Mail."

the "Second Division," I found him hopelessly fogged. He was under the impression that prisoners in the Second Division were allowed to wear their own clothes and have their food sent in from outside. He was, in fact, confusing the Second Division with the First—an error which I find to be quite usual.

In point of fact, the gap between the First and Second Division is immensely greater than that between the Second and Third. A First Division prisoner loses little but liberty. He wears his own clothes, may be supplied with food from outside (if he pays for it). He is allowed newspapers and writing materials, and can employ help to clean his cell. Greatest boon of all, he can receive and write letters *ad lib*.

A person sentenced to imprisonment in the Second Division has none of these privileges. Indeed, from one point at least, he is not so well off as an ordinary prisoner or even a convict, for whereas either of these classes can, by good conduct, gain a remission of one-quarter of their sentence, a Second Division prisoner can gain only one-sixth. Captain Peel, therefore, will have to serve at least ten months before he is released.

## The Prison Bath.

On admission to the gaol (in Captain Peel's case, Wormwood Scrubs), the Second Division prisoner has to take the usual bath. He then receives his prison clothes. These are brown in colour, and not too delicate in texture, but they are not decorated with the black broad arrows which are stamped upon the garments of the ordinary third-class prisoner.

## Precious Plain Fare.

The food of the Second Division prisoner is the regular prison fare. The diet of all our prisons has been immensely improved since 1914, and except as a punishment diet, the old-fashioned "skilly" is rarely seen. The dinners are immensely better than they used to be, fish being given on Fridays, and boiled pudding with sugar on three or four days in the week.

For the evening meal there is now an allowance of cheese or bacon. Even so, it is precious plain fare for a man accustomed to better things.

The second-class prisoner has to remain in his cell all the time unless at chapel, work, or exercise. He is allowed no special privileges in the way of furniture or in the way of reading matter. He may have two books weekly from the prison library, and two only. Apart from these, he is permitted educational books; but that, again, is a privilege which he shares with all other inmates of our prisons. Under no circumstances are newspapers allowed him.

## Letters and Visitors.

In the matter of letters and visitors he is a little—a very little—better off than the ordinary prisoner. The latter has to wait two months before receiving his first letter or visit, and another six weeks before getting his second.

The Second Division prisoner is allowed one letter and one visit each month. But this visit is a very restricted matter.



THE CRIME IN ROOM 14: THE OUTSIDE OF THE SPENCER HOTEL, IN WHICH LADY WHITE WAS MURDERED.

The strange and terrible crime by which Lady White lost her life has aroused extraordinary interest. Our photograph shows the outside of the Spencer Hotel, in Portman Street, W., with a cross to mark Lady White's bed-room. The victim was the widow of Sir Edward White, formerly Chairman of the L.C.C.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

At the present moment all prison rules are in a state of flux; new ones are coming out and old ones are being abolished almost every week. The information contained in this article is, however, up to date.



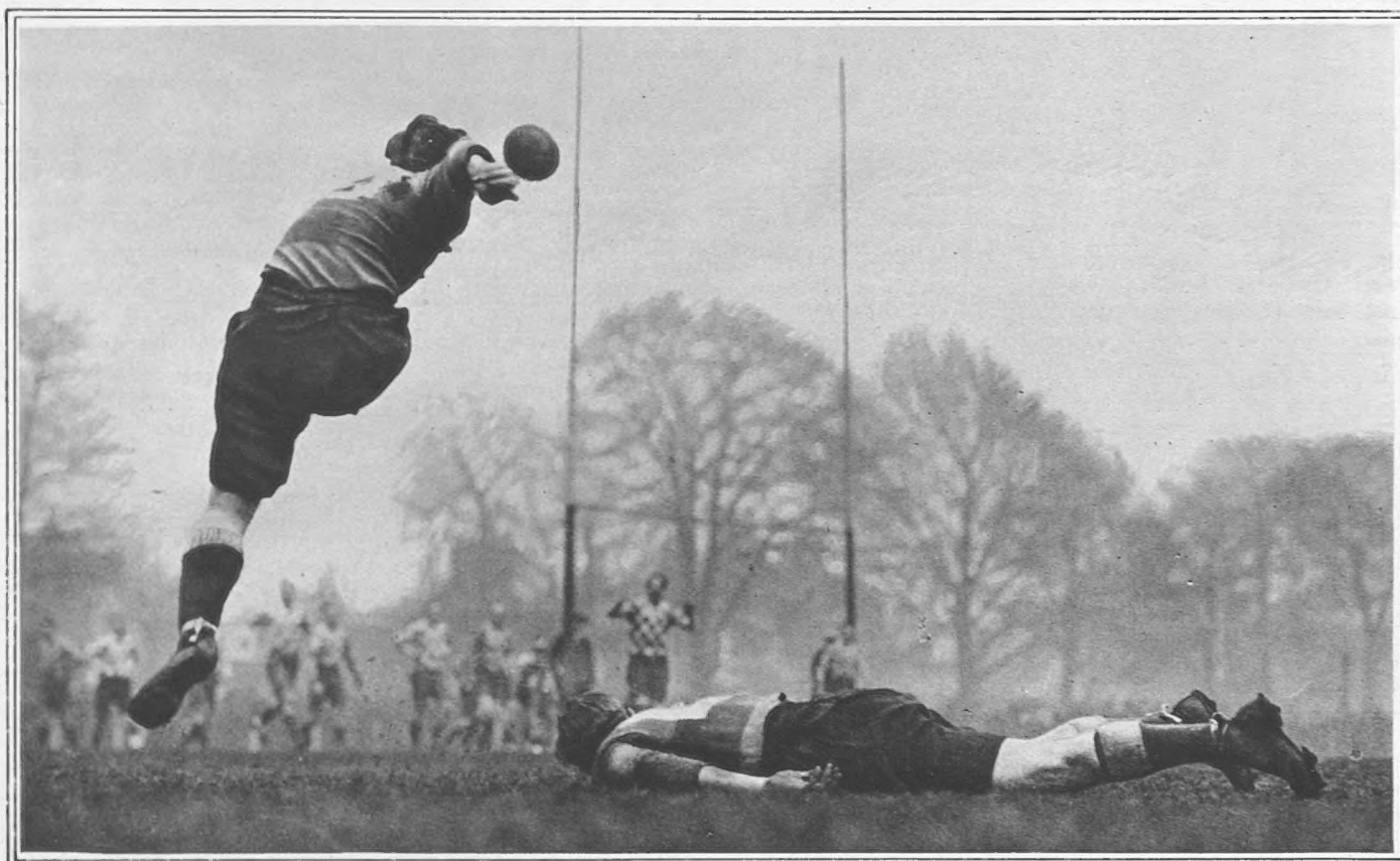
# 42 to 6! Guy's and the London "Snapped."



A GUY'S FORWARD CONVERTING.



MR. DANEEL SCORING A TRY FOR GUY'S.



MR. E. E. NESER CONVERTING THE TRY SCORED BY MR. DANEEL.



A GUY'S FORWARD SWERVING.

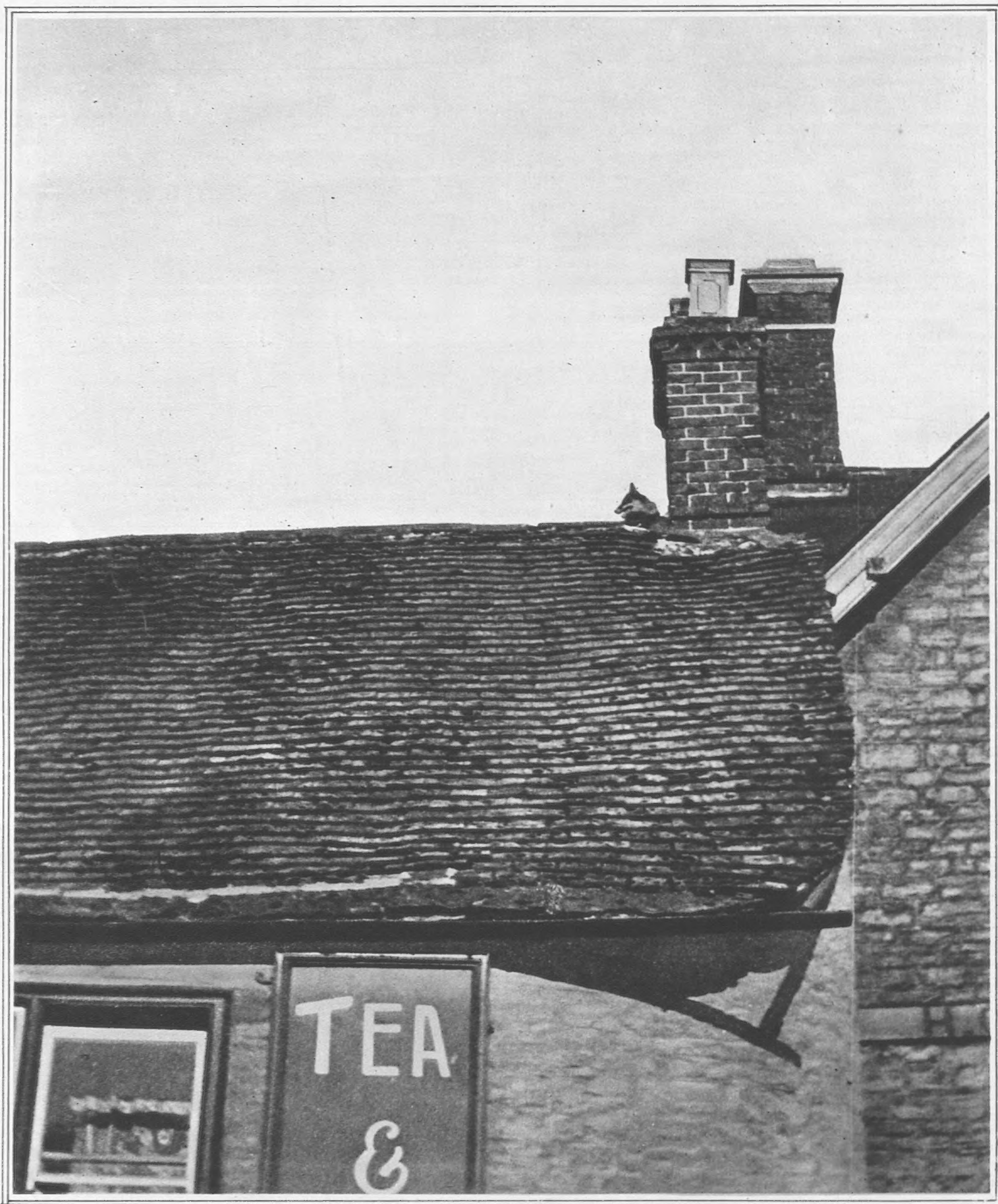


A GUY'S MAN BEING TACKLED BY A LONDON HOSPITAL PLAYER.

The King witnessed the final of the Inter-Hospital Rugby Football Cup, at Richmond Athletic Ground, last week, when Guy's Hospital beat the London Hospital by 42 points to 6, and so won the Cup for the third year in succession. The scores in detail were: Guy's, 6 goals and 4 tries; London, 1 penalty goal and 1 try. The London

Hospital held the Cup in the last season before the war, but Guy's fifteen is now superior to any other hospital team. They are absolutely first-class, and, in spite of the fabulous efforts of Mr. L. G. Brown, who leads the London Hospital forwards, the result of the match was never in doubt.—[Photographs by I.B. and L.N.A.]

## Reynard on the Roof of the Village Shop!



### THE FOX GOES TO—TILES: AN UNUSUAL INCIDENT WITH THE BLACKMORE VALE (AN UNTOUCHED "SNAP.")

During a hunt with the Blackmore Vale from Lady Theodora Guest's gorse, hounds ran very fast to Templecombe, and threw up in the village street after coursing the fox down the station platform. The fox was then descried, as shown on our page, perched up on the roof of the village shop, surveying the throng beneath him with cool contempt.

This unusual episode was described in our "Gossip from the Hunting World" in a recent issue, and we have just received this remarkable untouched snapshot which shows Reynard on the roof, just to the left of the chimney. Some 200 horsemen were in the street below, but it was some time before the fox was seen.

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



# The Grafton Hunt Point-To-Point at Litchborough.



WITH MRS. CHARLES BRITTEN: LADY HENRY SEYMOUR.



TALKING TO MAJOR HOPE: MRS. PAYNTER.



INCLUDING LADY BLANDFORD: LADY HILLINGDON; MISS DE TRAFFORD; MRS. GUY SHAW STEWART;  
AND THE HON. MRS. ROLAND CUBITT; A GROUP OF SPECTATORS.

The Grafton Hunt Point-to-Point Races were held at Litchborough, and were attended by a large company. Prince Henry, who rode his own horse, Ocean III., in the Grafton Hunt Members' Race, finished second out of eleven starters. Lady Henry Seymour is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Henry Seymour, D.S.O., brother of the Marquess of Hertford,

and is the daughter of the second Duke of Westminster. Lord Henry's Bronfey won the Grenadier Guards' Race for Lord Manners' Cup. Lady Blandford is the wife of the Marquess of Blandford, elder son of the Duke of Marlborough; Lady Hillingdon is one of her sisters; and the Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt is the wife of Lord Ashcombe's eldest son.

Photographs by Alfieri.

# AT THE GRAFTON POINT-TO.



Miss Evelyn Coote & Mrs R. Henderson.



Mrs Heyworth;  
Lady Sophie Scott  
and Lady Camden.



Mrs. North;  
Mr. North &  
Mrs. Beckwith Smith.



Capt. and Mrs Charles Britten & Miss Colvin.



Miss Lutyens; the Hon. Mrs Beaumont & the Hon. Mrs R. Cubitt With Mr & Mrs Guy Loder ; Mrs Lucas (P)

## WITH THE GRAFTON HUNT AND THE

Our pages show some interesting snapshots taken at the Grafton Hunt Point-to-Point, where Prince Henry rode his own horse, Ocean III., in the Grafton Hunt Members' Race. Captain the Hon. W. H. C. Beaumont's Harlow, ridden by its owner, won the 2nd Life Guards' Point-to-Point. Captain Beaumont is the elder son of Viscount Allendale, and married Miss Violet Seely last year. Captain Beckwith Smith won the Coldstream Guards' Regimental Race with The Harp. Lady Brecknock is the wife of Lord Brecknock, eldest son of the Marquess of Camden, and was formerly Miss Marjorie



## POINT: SOCIETY SPECTATORS.



Miss Musgrave &  
Mrs Reginald Chaplin.



Mr Greenall;  
the Misses Crawford  
& Miss Brocklehurst.



Mrs Gerald  
Roberts.



The  
Countess of  
Brecknock



The Hon. Mrs Cubitt & Mr Stocks.



Mrs Phillip Hunloke, Miss Sofer Whitburn & Miss Hunloke

## GUARDS: THE MEETING AT LITCHBOROUGH.

Jenkins. Lady Sophie Scott is the sister of Lord Cadogan. Mrs. Philip Hunloke is the wife of Major Philip Hunloke, C.V.O., the well-known member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, who was appointed Groom-in-Waiting to the King in 1911. Major and Mrs. Hunloke's elder daughter is Mrs. George Paynter. Mrs. Sofer Whitburn is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Sofer Whitburn, of Addington Park, near Maidstone. Further photographs of the meeting will be found on other pages of "The Sketch."—[Photographs by Alfieri and S. and G.]



## The Clubman. By Beveren.

**Production.** I suppose that musical comedy—smooth, dainty stuff, with flowing, tuneful music and plenty of attractive girls—is really the most representative form of British theatrical entertainment. On the whole, it is the style of stage performance which most interests the great mass of the public. We have no Gertie Millar, no Lily Elsie, of the moment

obvious liking for music and sparkle, they showed no apparent knowledge of the Gilbert and Sullivan season or of "The Beggar's Opera." However, they were happy in their belief that they had seen the best the London stage has to offer, and their husbands seemed pleased because their wives were pleased; and in any case, it was pleasant to happen upon people who were contented with things in general, especially with themselves and with their visit to town.



**THE MOCK MARRIAGE UNDERGRADUATE RAG AT CAMBRIDGE: THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDE AND BRIDESMAIDS.** This snapshot of the recent rag organised and carried out by the undergraduates of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, shows the arrival of the Bride and her bridesmaids. The Unwilling Bridegroom is seen on the left, tethered to the College luggage-cart, which did duty for a Bridal carriage.

(the musical-comedy ladies of this after-the-war era do not strive and study to perfect themselves in all branches of their art as did that admirable artist Miss Millar), but from the point of view of sheer production our theatres have never before shown such taste and brilliance. And, of course, in this respect one includes the chief revue-producers, who give us entertainments only one remove from the classic Gaiety and Daly's pieces.

All the same, it is rather pathetic to realise that so many members of our big, happy, simple-minded public think a lot of arranging a night in the West End to see a popular musical comedy, and seemingly know nothing of Galsworthy or of the splendid acting that can be seen at the Old Vic.

**A Talk in the Train.** A few nights ago I travelled in a restaurant car bound for the East Coast. A jolly party, two husbands and two wives, were returning from a four days' stay in London. They must have had money to spend, because they got through three bottles of champagne at dinner, and immediately afterwards—good gourmets may shudder at this, but it shows there are sound digestions left in England—proceeded to quaff beer and stout. The women were vastly pleased because they were satisfied they had seen the "best show in town."

They voted "Sally," at the Winter Garden, the best of all—"good" and "best" were the only adjectives they used; "The Lady of the Rose" was good, because Miss Phyllis Dare was "so sweet." They liked "The Golden Moth," and had seen "Jenny." I was glad to hear that they had found "A to Z" bright and funny; and pleased to learn that on their next visit they must see "The Fun of the Fayre," because some friend had told them it was "one of the best" shows in London. But in spite of their

**De Courville's "London Follies."** Probably the same standard of taste reveals itself in America. I gather so from some rather intriguing criticisms I have been reading in one of the best written American newspapers on Mr. De Courville's revue production which has toured the States as De Courville's "London Follies." This particular performance was at San Francisco.

"The 'London Follies,'" says this newspaper, "seems to be modelled on American shows of the kind, if American 'Follies' are not modelled on London ones, so complete is the resemblance between them. Our American producers spend more money on their shows, our girls are prettier, our comedy—leaving out Harry Tate's—is funnier, and there is more snap to the American performance."

"The 'London Follies' girls are very young, and are evidently selected for slimness, plus, no doubt, some kind of a voice, although the troupe does not distinguish itself by its vocalism. A funny thing: these English chorus girls do not begin to make up as do their American cousins. They are not only sparing with rouge, but in costumes in which their young backs and shoulders were plentifully displayed, they looked as if they hadn't even powdered those lavishly displayed areas. . . . 'Are the girls pretty?' is asked. Well, not nearly as pretty as ours. They are probably recruited from the lower classes in London; small shop girls and the like. The girls in the company have a naive way of smiling at the familiar faces in the orchestra, and regarding the audience with child-like curiosity. Their movements are stamped by girlish gaucherie."

### What America Thinks of Harry Tate.

The critic liked Harry Tate, though he omits entirely to mention Harry's famous wobbling moustache. "I thought at first when he came in and gave a patter song in musical-comedy style that he was not going to be so very funny. But you just wait until he has you rocking in your seat during the well-known scene at the links.

"There were three important rôles: that of Harry Tate, that played by Harry Beasley (who is a most lifelike imitation of a starveling from the slum quarters), and a piece of tissue paper which really, aided by Harry Tate and his golf-club, showed uncanny intelligence. The house screamed during the interlude."

Beasley, of course, is the tiny fellow who for many years now has been one of Mr. Tate's chief assistants. He was twenty-seven years of age when the war broke out, sent in his name under the Derby scheme, and, because of his age, was called to the recruiting office. When, with all solemnity, he answered the call, there was an amusing five minutes at that recruiting office, particularly as Beasley stated his desire to join the Life Guards.

The critic's final verdict on Harry Tate was that his comedy was that of the "big, puffy, imposing, paunchy, choleric man of the world. He expresses comedy readily by look and attitude, without overdoing it."

### When Miss Peggy O'Neil Felt Afraid.

You would hardly think that that dashing and popular little lady Miss Peggy O'Neil could ever feel downcast and worried. But she made a confession to me the other night. "When I came over from America two years ago to play the name-part in 'Paddy the Next Best Thing,'" she said, "I had the idea that I spoke good English, and at any rate was certain that I could understand it when others spoke it. "But at the first rehearsal, the English I heard spoken by other members of the company was so different from English as I had heard it spoken in America that, believe me, I couldn't follow what they said."

"That evening I went back to my hotel utterly dispirited. I felt afraid I was going to be an awful failure in London. I made up my mind it would be best for me to go straight back to America; and next morning I did indeed send round an excuse for absence. After two days I thought I would make another try—and, well, I am still here."

"I have often wondered who would have



**THE CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATES' RAG: THE "BRIDAL" PARTY PARADING THE COLLEGE COURT.**

The undergraduates of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, recently organised a rag in the form of a Mock Wedding. Our photograph shows the Unwilling Bridegroom parading round the College Court. Bride and Bridegroom are seated in the College luggage-cart, and it will be noticed that the Bridegroom's legs are tied to prevent escape.

played Paddy if I had been so hysterical as to throw up the part; and whether the many English friends I have now would ever have heard of such a person as Peggy O'Neil."



# Safety First.



THE CLUB BORE: I say, isn't your name Smythe?

UNFORTUNATE MEMBER: Er—er—n—n—no; (*happy thought*) you must be thinking of my brother!

DRAWN BY FRANK NEWBOULD.

## AFTER CARLYLE: "ORPHANS OF THE STORM,"



WITH HANDKERCHIEF ON RING: MISS LILLIAN GISH AND MR. JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT.



AS THE HEROINES OF "ORPHANS OF THE STORM": MISS LILLIAN AND MISS DOROTHY GISH AS HENRIETTE AND LOUISE GIRARD.



IN A TUMBRIL ON THE WAY TO THE GUILLOTINE: MISS LILLIAN GISH.



VERSAILLES IN ITS SPLENDOR:

The new Griffith film, "Orphans of the Storm," which is being produced at the Scala on Thursday next, March 23, is a wonderful picture of France in the last days of the Old Régime, when Louis XVI. still kept his splendid Court, and of the French Revolution, which brought about the end of the Old Régime. The tense excitement of the scene in which Lillian Gish (as one of the Orphans) is taken in a tumbrel to be executed has never been surpassed. The horrors of the bloodthirsty mob are vividly depicted in this scene, and it is only at the last moment that Danton,

# OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, AT THE SCALA.



WITH MR. SIDNEY HERBERT AS ROBESPIERRE AND MR. MONTE BLUE AS DANTON:  
THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY.



PROTECTED BY A POWDER MASK OF THE PERIOD: THE CHEVALIER  
OF VAUDREY (MR. JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT).



AT THE COURT OF LOUIS XVI.



IN THE TERROR: MISS LILLIAN GISH REPRIEVED BY DANTON.

the revolutionary with feelings of humanity, is able to save the girl. The authority for the revolutionary scenes comes from Carlyle, and the set of old Paris, specially built up by Mr. Griffith for the production, is the largest ever used in any country. It is interesting to see Miss Dorothy Gish, who is usually associated with comedy parts, in the tragic and dramatic rôle of Louise, the blind orphan; and Miss Lillian Gish as the beautiful Henriette has a part well suited to display her great powers. One of our pages in colour shows Miss de Barros and Miss Betty Jewel in the same remarkable film.





## Tales with a sting.

### A CAPITAL JOKE.

By WILLIAM CAINE.

WHEN the Young Heart is the Merry Heart there's nothing like it. Fun! What a lot of it is to be had, if only one takes what's going, if only one follows one's gay impulses, reckless of the Future so long as the Present goes with a bang.

Little Harry Poot came out of the Café Royal and turned eastwards. The day was fine, the girls were pretty, the notices were topping. Topping. He had just lunched well, and at his Press agent's expense. Life was all before him. He had arrived, and at twenty-three. London was his oyster. His heart sang praises. He was above himself, but he didn't suspect it. He didn't think it possible for even him to be above himself, so exalted was his soul.

Audrey Lanchester and Isabel Royce, both tall and beautiful girls, came out of the Imperial and turned east. Little Harry Poot marked them and quickened his step. Dear Audrey—dear Bella! Like himself, they were on their way to the theatre for the call at two o'clock for cuts. He would overtake them and congratulate them on their notices. Then they would have to congratulate him on his notices. Nice girls! Dear girls! How pleased they must be that he had made good! Suddenly he had another idea. It caused his chubby face to expand.

"Yes," Audrey was saying, "I'm glad that kid's put it across. He deserved to succeed. A hard worker, dear, and a real artist. And funny! He's simply made that little part of his with both his hands. Talk of bricks without straw!"

"I only hope," said Isabel, "that this won't enlarge his head-measure for him too much, dear. He's got quite enough confidence in himself as it is. The little plague! I never saw such a kid for practical jokes. I've got it into him for a good deal, I may tell you."

"Oh," said Audrey, "Harry doesn't mean any harm. It's just his games, dear. But I owe him a few myself. I'll pay them too, before he's much older, bless him! But it won't be easy. He's so frightfully sharp, dear."

As she spoke Miss Lanchester felt the bag which hung at her elbow seized and violently tugged. Her heart stopped beating. She halted dead, swung round and stared into the grinning face of little Mr. Poot.

"Ha, ha!" he crowed. "Thoughtcher bag was gone, Audrey darling. Thoughtcher puff and lip-stick was burgled, eh? But it's only Uncle, after all."

Isabel began to laugh. Everyone in the company liked Harry, and indulged him in his waggeries. So Isabel began to laugh.

Her merriment ceased abruptly, Audrey's elbow having caught her hard in the ribs.

Meanwhile Audrey's other arm had shot out and her hand had taken a firm grip of little Harry Poot's collar. "Help!" she cried loudly. "This man's tried to snatch my bag."

"Good Lord, Audrey!" hissed little Harry Poot. "Mind what you're doing. Do you want to get me lynched?"

Already they were the centre of a crowd towards which, even now, a policeman was moving.

"Lynched?" shouted Audrey. "No. This isn't Texas. But I'm going to have you put in gaol, you young rotter." She shook little Harry Poot till his teeth rattled.

"That's right, Miss," said a tall, dark young man, as he edged busily up to Audrey. "You do it. Give 'im socks. We'll see you through."

"Ch—chuck it, Audrey, for the love of M-M-Mike," bleated little Harry Poot, as he swung forwards and backwards on the toes of his patent leathers, and clutched his brown bowler to his head. "There's a policeman coming."

"And a good job, too," shrilled Audrey. "That's what I want, a policeman. Here, constable," she called, "I've got something for you here."

"That's the style, Miss," said the tall, dark young man. "Hand the little vermin over. But you don't need me any longer, I reckon." He left her side, turned his back on the policeman, and shouldered his way out of the crowd.

Isabel laid a hand on Audrey's arm. "That'll do, Audrey," she said. "Don't push it too far. Harry's had his scare. Besides, we'll be late for rehearsal if you—"

Again she became suddenly silent. The policeman pushed through the crowd. "Now, then," he said, "what's up here? Pickpocket, eh?"

"Yes," cried the crowd. "'E tried to snatch the lady's bag."

"No," said Audrey sweetly, "it's a personal friend of mine, constable. He only pretended to snatch my bag. For a joke, you know. But the joke's on him now, I rather think."

The policeman's frown grew thunderous. "The lor," he said, "don't approve of being called in to 'elp people play orf jokes on one another. It's my opinion there's more in this than meets the eye, and you'd better come along, young woman—you and your personal friend—an' explain it to the sergeant." He took little Harry Poot by the arm.

It was now Audrey's turn to be sorry. "Great heavens, constable!" she cried. "Don't I tell you that—"

Isabel whispered, "Give him your card, you owl," first in the ear of little Harry Poot, and then in the ear of Audrey.

Little Harry Poot snatched out his note-case, produced a card and held it in front of the policeman's eyes.

"There, officer," he said, "read that. That's who I am. Harry Poot, playing at Shilliber's Theatre, same as these two young ladies. Give him your card, Audrey. Give him your card, old dear—while I give him a Fisher," he concluded in a whisper up at the policeman. The policeman read what was on the card, and his face began to relax. Perhaps he had caught the whisper of little Harry Poot.

"My bag!" cried Audrey, "where's my bag?"

The policeman's face ceased to relax. "There you see," he said obstinately, "'E did take it. 'E's parst it on, that's what 'e's done. 'Oodjer parss it to?" he demanded of little Harry Poot, shaking him. "Come on! Own up or it'll be the worst for yer. I dunno yer, but I reckon there's them as will at the station."

Audrey stamped her foot at the policeman. "You fool!" she cried. "Don't I tell-you that gentleman's a personal friend of mind? Someone else must have taken it."

"It'd be that tall, dark man who spoke to you, I expect," said an expensively dressed young woman, who stood close to Isabel. "He's not been gone a minute. Don't I see him over there?" She pointed. "Yes," she concluded; "there he goes, I'm certain."

Everybody's eyes turned to follow her finger. "No," said the policeman; "I don't see no tall, dark man."

"I thought he went *that* way," said another young woman, who stood just behind little Harry Poot. She, too, pointed. "Yes," she cried. "Look! He's just gone round the corner by that tobacconist's."

"Well," said the policeman, "I didn't see him."

"Oh!" cried Audrey, "let him go. He's welcome to all he'll find in *that* bag." He wasn't, but Audrey desired to get on to the theatre.

She took little Harry Poot's arm. "Come on, Harry," she said. "The officer's quite satisfied about you now, I'm sure. Let us go, officer, please," she went on. "It was only a bit of nonsense. It's all my fault for trying to give this funny child a fright. He won't do it again. Please." She joined her hands and put them up under her chin, and hypnotised the policeman with her large blue eyes.

"Well," said the policeman, "I believe you. But it's my duty to see you two ladies and 'im as far as Shilliber's. If the stage doorkeeper vouches for yer, I'm content. I'll say no more 'n that."

He swept the crowd away with his two arms. The three artists moved onwards together, the policeman following in close attendance. At the stage door of Shilliber's Theatre he received the required assurance, together with the promised Fisher, and left them amidst expressions of mutual good-will.

It was not until they were on the stage that Isabel discovered that her amber beads were gone.

So little Harry Poot's merry little joke cost him—

To squaring one policeman -	-	£1 0 0
To replacing one bag and sundries -	2 3 0	
To replacing one string of amber -	15 15 0	

£18 18 0

How well it was for little Harry Poot that he had made such a success of his small part in the new production at Shilliber's!

He doesn't grudge the eighteen guineas. But he does regret the loss of his ruby-and-diamond scarfpin.

However, he keeps his thumb on that. Hard!

THE END.



## This Week's Studdy.



"THAT COAL-BLACK MAMMY O' MINE."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.



## The Scala Reopens with "Orphans of the Storm."



IN THE FRENCH REVOLUTION FILM: MISS VIOLET DE BARROS AND MISS BETTY JEWEL.

The new Griffith super-film, "Orphans of the Storm," is being given for the first time on Thursday next, March 23, at the Scala. For the past two months this theatre has been in the hands of the builders, and nearly £10,000 has been spent on it. "Orphans of the Storm" is to have an indefinite run, and is a movie drama equal to such successful

pictures as "Way Down East" and "The Birth of a Nation." The story is set in the time of the French Revolution, and is based on Carlyle's book. Robespierre, Danton and Napoleon, as a young lieutenant, are among the characters it shows, and the leading rôles are played by the famous Gish sisters.



## The American Chatelaine of Rousdon.



FORMERLY MISS EDWINE THORNBURGH : LADY PEEK, THE WIFE OF SIR WILFRID PEEK.

Lady Peek is the wife of Sir Wilfrid Peek, D.S.O., third Baronet, of Rousdon, Devon, and is an American by birth. She is the daughter of the late Mr. William Henry Thornburgh, of St. Louis, U.S.A., and has the unusual Christian name of Edwine. Lady Peek was married in 1913,

and has a little son, Francis Henry Grenville Peek, who was born in 1915. Her husband, who was High Sheriff of Devon in 1912, succeeded his father-in 1901. He is a Captain in the Yeomanry, and served in Mesopotamia during the war.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

## THE MRS. LAPE REGAN OF THE "SPEAKING" STAGE.







THE CHANNING POLLOCK HEROINE OF THE PLAYHOUSE: MISS GLADYS COOPER IN "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR."

"The Sign on the Door," Mr. A. Channing Pollock's melodramatic play, has been one of the important theatrical successes of the year. It was first produced at the Playhouse on Sept. 1, 1921, is still drawing big houses, and looks good for a really long run. It has also been seen on the movies, and is one of the few plays which have been given simultaneously

in London on the "silent" and the "speaking" stage. Miss Gladys Cooper, as the beautiful and much-tried heroine, gives a fine display of emotional acting, and the rôle of Mrs. "Lafe" Regan (who, then unmarried, is Anne Hunniwell in the Prologue) ranks as among the best things Miss Cooper has done.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STAGE PHOTO CO., EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."





1. SUTANGI, THE SILHOUETTE CUTTER: MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT. 2. MARIANA, WIFE OF COUNT ADRIAN BELTRAMI: MISS PHYLLIS DARE  
5. THE PALM COURT OF THE CASTLE BELTRAMI: MR. ROY ROYSTON AS THE DISGUISED COUNT (CENTRE), AND MISS DARE AND MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT (EXTREME R).

### THE MUSICAL COMEDY WITH A COHERENT STORY, A FIRST-CLASS

"The Lady of the Rose," the new musical comedy at Daly's, is adapted by Frederick Lonsdale from the book by Rudolph Schanzer and Ernest Welisch, with lyrics by Harry Graham and music by Jean Gilbert. Count Beltrami (Mr. Roy Royston) is called away to Milan and is about to leave his young wife alone. The Austrian soldiers arrive and demand him, but Suitangi, the Silhouette Cutter (Mr. Huntley Wright), takes his place, and the Count is disguised as Suitangi. The fraud is discovered, and Belovar (Mr. Harry Welchman) tells Mariana she can buy her

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## From the Riviera.

### Not the Same People as Last Year.

Who would not be in Monte Carlo when the sun shines! Even when the Mistral blows, and the usually blue sky is almost concealed by racing clouds, are there not innumerable compensations? We have had specimens of varying weather—but, ouf! how full the days are. . . . I will tell you about them in a minute, but first let me make a contradiction. In London town I heard that the Riviera, and even Monte Carlo, was empty, but it is not true! Fortunately, the people here this year are not the same as last, for the neutrals of the bulging pockets are conspicuously absent (I suppose they have run through their "war savings"!), and though of Americans there are not many, and of Germans not a sign, there are crowds of English and French; and, after all, no one could ask for a better collection.

### La Festa.

We were all very pleased with ourselves at the La Festa tennis-courts when the finals for the Championships of Monte Carlo were played, for the sun shone, and our nice frocks were thereby disclosed to view, free from the all-too-concealing cosiness of fur cloaks! The victory of the Earl and Countess of Rocksavage over Miss Robertson and Dr. Wallis Myers was watched with much interest; though at the same time, in the next court, the Ladies' Doubles between Miss Ryan and Mrs. Satterthwaite, and Mrs. Beamish and Mrs. Lambert Chambers, were being fought out. There is no doubt that no greater contrast physically could be found than that between Lord Rocksavage and Dr. Wallis Myers, for the latter's studious shoulders and limp figure seem as if they would be so much more at home in a laboratory; while Lord Rocksavage looks the personification of the athlete. But appearances are deceptive, and I have seen the latter at times play perfectly abominably, while the former has been positively brilliant. Lady Rocksavage made me very cross, for why on earth did she select that drab felt hat with its dash of yellow? It is the last colour in the world for a dark-skinned, real brunette, even if she does happen to be good-looking! Miss Robertson's blue-lined large white hat, on the other hand, was so becoming and cool-looking. The Duke of Westminster came in to watch the finals, and took up a position at the end of the courts, where he could "see the twist of the ball," as he said; and others around included Lady D'Abernon and Lady de Trafford. On other days, Lady Wavertree, Mrs. Warde, and Lord French had been there.

### Some of the Visitors.

I thought I should see Lady Cynthia Mosley out here, as she and her husband (whom everyone calls "Tom," presumably because his name is Oswald!) crossed over from Dover with me in that lovely new boat, the *Biarritz*, which has just been put on the Calais service. Lady Cynthia looked very pretty, well wrapped up in a nutria coat and a long sable stole; and I must say that the boat, too, was looking very nice, with its cabins provided with rose-shaded lights, bright cretonne-covered couches, and the deepest of deep armchairs. So far, however, no one has seen the Mosleys—and before I forget, I want to tell you that even April will have new arrivals, for the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville is due at the Hotel de Paris here early next month, on her way home from India, and is coming straight on directly she steps off her boat at Marseilles. By the way, we shall have to tutor ourselves to address her as Dame Margaret when the King has invested her with her D.B.E.—unless, of course, one is on "Maggie" terms with her.



THE WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN POLO-PLAYER ON THE RIVIERA: MRS. LONGWORTH.

Mrs. Longworth is the wife of Major T. J. Longworth, who plays No. 2 in Captain Smart's team, which won the American tournament for the Prix du Cercle Nautique, at Cannes.

Photograph by Le Noir.

### A Delightful Restaurant.

Dinner parties and lunches are one of the attractions here, where food seems to rank only second to gambling, and—if you are a woman—clothes! The Duke of Connaught has been over from his villa, to lunch off *poulet Oreste*



POLO AT CANNES: MR. PHILIP HENNESSY, MRS. MELVILL, MRS. ROBERTSON, AND COUNT GEORGE POTOCKI.

This snapshot was taken on the polo-ground at Cannes. Count Potocki is No. 3 in Captain Gill's team. Colonel Melvill plays No. 2 in his own team.

Photograph by Le Noir.

at that delightful restaurant up by the Metropole which Oreste (who was so well known at the Paris) opened only last year. The Duke of Westminster, too, has been

there, lunching, tea-ing, dining, and dancing. The venerable Mrs. Arthur Wilson had a party one night which included her handsome daughter, Mrs. Warde (whom most of us in our minds still call Muriel Wilson), and her son.

### Gala Gaiety.

Oreste has the Versatile Four there (the best-looking niggers I have ever seen!), and if one is not actually dining *chez* Oreste, it is quite the thing to drop in to dance and sup. Colonel Ashley, Lord Rocksavage, and Lord Rochdale have been seen there lately; and the other night, when there was a gala there, I saw the Hon. Lady Ward (in a silver lace frock over shrimp pink, which harmonised amazingly well with her quantities of grey hair) amongst those dining and dancing. By the way, on this occasion we all played with rattles, threw soft, coloured balls at each other, and joined lustily in singing, to the tune of "John Brown," about the grasshopper who jumped over the other grasshopper's back.

### Watching Samya and Sawyer.

The Hon. Sir Sidney Greville has arrived and is staying at Monte Carlo before going on to visit Mrs. Wilson at Maryland.

He was dining at Ciro's the other night with Lady de Trafford, the Countess of Wilton, and several others, and for some time they watched the dancing of Samya and Sawyer to the playing of the American Five. Lady Wilton is one of the best-dressed women here—her chinchilla cloak is perfectly beautiful, and her cyclamen-pink frock embroidered in crystal suits her fair colouring admirably.

### Meals to Music.

I wonder for how much longer we shall consider our meals utterly unsatisfactory unless served with music (from America and played by Americans *de préférence*), and with dancing to watch as well as to take part in! It seems the invariable rule nearly everywhere—the only two comparatively restful places I know are the restaurant of the Hotel de Paris and the one at the Hermitage, for though they both have bands, they are tactfully placed at a discreet distance!

### Dinner Hosts.

Lord and Lady Armaghdale were dinner hosts at the Hermitage one night, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Paget Crutchley, Sir Sidney Greville (who is looking very fit), and the Dowager Lady Vivian. At the Hotel de Paris the Duke and Duchess of Westminster have been entertaining friends, as also have been the Hon. Sir John and Lady Ward; others in the restaurant have included the Earl and Countess of Rocksavage, Sir Archibald and the Hon. Lady Williamson (Sir Archibald safe and sound after his ride over the Andes), and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Locke, with Miss Baines, who is

(Continued on page x.





## The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

### How Long Would You Live?

A rather wonderful letter reached me the other day. It was written on March 20, 1810—just 112 years ago. The writing is large, plain, and very firm. The ink has faded scarcely at all.

I suppose there were no envelopes in those days, because this letter, which went all the way to New York and back, was merely folded and sealed. There was an enclosure, moreover—a will, drawn up, signed, sealed, and witnessed on "this sixth day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine." The will also lies before me on my table. Neither the letter nor the will ever reached the person addressed.

I have a particular interest in the letter, because it was written by my great-grandfather, who lived at Sutton, near Hull, and made a considerable fortune by building ships of oak and sending them to the Polar seas in pursuit of whales. A painting of one of these ships, the *Harmony*, hangs in the Hull Museum to this day.

But what has all this to do with literary lounging? I will tell you. I have been reading a book, recently published, called "How to be Useful and Happy from Sixty to Ninety"—a title almost as long as your life should be if you carried out the instructions of the writer. I will come to that book presently. By way of preface, let us see what this old gentleman thought of life in 1810.

England "The Lapse of time since in 1810. you left this

Country has made sad havock amongst many of your old friends, but thank God the Country is prosperous amidst the Din of War and strange Revolutions upon the Continent of Europe, and Old England still holds up her Head and feels no Alarm for her safety.

"Our Trade is good, and this Town\* in particular has improved amazingly within the last few Years. Many people are now riding in carriages that walked on Foot when you were in England, and Plenty seems to deck the *Festive Board* in all classes of Society, and I as one have great reason to be thankful. Heaven has Crowned my endeavours with success to the utmost of my ambition. . . .

"Time is passing fast on, and my best days are gone. I have no wish to leave this world, but do not possess any great anxiety to live, notwithstanding the many blessings I am in

possession of. Age and infirmities are come upon me, which indicate what may soon come to pass, but I look up to God for a happy Eternity. . . ."

He was sixty-five when he wrote that letter, and lived to seventy-six. His grandson, my father, who sends me the letter, will be ninety on his next birthday.

### Dread of Old Age.

I often wonder why young and middle-aged people dread old age. They do, you know, many of them, but the dread seems to wane as old age draws gradually nearer. Of course, to be very poor or very ill when

The young person is immature, impetuous, charming, foolish, sometimes a little irritating. The person of middle age is consumed with care for business and the accumulation of money for the future comfort of his family. The aged person has none of these cares. They are over. The hill has been climbed—to use a well-worked simile—and the remainder of the journey is along the level to the end. (You thought I was going to say "downhill," but I do not hold with that. There is little dignity or pleasure in walking downhill.)

We will assume, then, that you have thrust from you your dread of old age, and now feel inclined to live to seventy, eighty, ninety or a hundred years. Perhaps longer. How are you to do it? Well, our author, Dr. Laphorn Smith, tells us that during the last four hundred and seventy-six years there have appeared about one hundred and fifty works on the Prolongation of Life; and he advises you where to get them. Which is so honest that we will content ourselves with his contribution to a topic of perennial interest.

The main impression left on the mind after reading this little volume (issued, by the way, from the Bodley Head), is that the nearer you approach to the life of a rabbit the more likely you are to become the village centenarian. The book contains scores of letters from aged people, nearly all of whom say that they have never tasted alcohol, never smoked tobacco, do not eat meat, live nearly all day in the fresh air, go to bed at sundown and get up at sunrise. I do not know how long rabbits live, but early observation of the habits of rabbits taught me that their lives were conducted on those exact lines.

I have no doubt it is perfectly true that we should all live to a hundred or even a hundred and fifty if we followed the example of the dear little rabbits. You must remember, however, that even the rabbit has one great danger in this life—he may get shot. In fact, a huge number of highly ascetic rabbits are done to death in this country every day of the

year. And some of them, poulterers tell me, are not so very old, either.

### The Fate of the Rabbit.

There is just a chance that if all our great inventors, for example, had lived like rabbits—no worry, no excitement, no artificial light, no brain-fag, no wear-and-tear of any kind whatever—we should all have died like rabbits in the first week of the Great War.

(Continued overleaf.)



MISS NANNIE KELHAM.

MISS MAUDE E. HASLEWOOD.

MISS EVA CARRINGTON.

MISS ARLIE TULLOCH.

APPEARING IN "A RUNAWAY GIRL," AT THE KING'S THEATRE, HAMMER-SMITH, ON MARCH 27, AND FIVE SUBSEQUENT EVENINGS: LADIES OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC SOCIETY.

Miss Nannie Kelham, who is playing Winifred Gray, is one of the best-known amateur actresses in London. She has played many leads in amateur productions, including the title-roles of "Véronique," "San Toy," and "The Circus Girl." Miss Maude E. Haslewood, who will play Carmenita, is also well known in amateur dramatic circles. She is the wife of Captain F. H. Bartlett, one of the founders of the Amateur Players' Club. Miss Eva Carrington, who is in private life Mrs. Arthur Stock, is making her first appearance in an amateur production in "The Runaway Girl."—Miss Arlie Tulloch, who is taking the part of Alice, is a well-known amateur. She played a leading part in "San Toy" when it was produced by the Esher Dramatic Society, and also by the East Surrey Operatic and Dramatic Society, and is well known as a member of the Strolling Players' companies.—[Photographs by Garrick Studios and Bertram Park.]

you are very old must be terrible; but it is not exhilarating to be very poor or very ill when you are young.

There is also a dread of dependence—a shrinking from becoming a burden on others. But old people have their distinct place in the scheme of things. Their words have great weight; their experience is of infinite value; their cheery and undaunted outlook is a fine example for younger folk.

There is a dignity about old age, or should be, that leavens life.



(Left to right) Miss Joy Orme; Miss Phyllis Crook; Miss Aline Macevoy; Miss Marjorie Chapman; Miss Angela Viveash; Miss Maude Beck; Miss Betty Crowden; Miss Marie Richardson; Miss Dorothy Lowe; Miss Constance Seymour; Miss Evelyn Wellborne; Miss Dorothy Greenland; Miss Blossom Alderson; and Miss Lucy Pearce.



(Left to right) Miss Ivy Buckland; Miss Lily Essenger; Miss Nancy Harvest; Miss Muriel Attneave; Miss Lena Hopkins; Miss Elfrida Argenti; Miss Dorothy Ham; Miss Olga Conway; Miss V. Head; Miss Anne Hopkins; Miss Violet O'Driscoll; and Miss Isobel Michie.



(Left to right) Miss Rene Kidd; Miss Ida Gooding; Miss Ruby Mitchell; Miss Millicent Hyde; Miss Elsie Gooding; Miss Doris Kingham; Miss B. Hart; Miss Daisy Hollick; Miss Nita Stocker; Miss Sheila Whitaker; Miss Sheila Macevoy; Miss Ivy Webb; and Miss Dora Tull.

#### THE STOCK EXCHANGE DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC SOCIETY AMATEUR CHORUS.

Considerable interest has been roused by the forthcoming production of "A Runaway Girl," by the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society, which takes place on Monday, March 27, at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]



Continued.]

I am told that many an inventor has given his life for his invention—that he had either to concentrate with all his energy, day and night, night and day, till the thing was finished, or leave it alone altogether.

Dr. Lapthorn Smith may say that such a man is a fool. I say he is a genius, and cannot live the life of a rabbit however hard he may try. It is preposterous to compare the lives of these village centenarians, or country clergymen or market gardeners (which two professions produce, we are told, the longest-lived men) with the lives of poets, and artists, and scientists, and orators, and all that sort of highly strung folk.

Length of life, in short, is not to be measured by years. It is to be measured by the intensity of living and by accomplishment. These doctors might take an infant and place it in a glass cage, feed it scientifically, exercise it scientifically, watch over it from generation to generation until the wretched creature had lived to the age of two or three hundred years. And what then? What would that have proved? What good would have been achieved for the human race? None whatever, because we were not born to live in glass cages, and the race that lives unnaturally swiftly vanishes from the face of the earth.

#### Moderation in Abstinence.

"Moderation! Moderation!" cries the wise man. "Moderation!" cries the doctor. They are right. But where is the moderation in total abstinence from wine or flesh or tobacco? St. Paul, who was rather a clever man, and a reformed one at that (there is no zeal like the zeal of the converted, especially when they are dealing with the unconverted), distinctly wrote thus to St. Timothy: "Be no longer a drinker of water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities." Dr. Lapthorn Smith will retort by laying emphasis on the word "little," but St. Paul did not urge Timothy to drink six glasses of cold water *per diem*. I tremble to advise a doctor, but I think one should be careful in the immoderate use of cold water for the interior of the stomach. Moderation in all things.

The doctor is a great believer in tea, moreover.

In spite of the few cases where its abuse in quantity or improper brewing leads to injury, we can sum up our judgment in its favour by saying that for the four hundred millions in China, the three hundred millions in India, and the two hundred millions in the United States and the British Isles and Overseas Dominions, tea is one of the greatest blessings we possess."

I fear I do not agree. Tea may suit the stomach of the Chinaman because tea is indigenous to China, or the native of India because tea also grows in India; but my belief is that tea does as much harm among the women of England as alcohol does among the men. I am really surprised to find our experienced friend encouraging this vice of tea-swallowing by stating that it is seldom taken in too large quantities or improperly brewed. Good Lord! Has he never been in a Government office? I was the first writer

for the Press to call attention to the vice of tea-drinking in Government offices during the war. My colleagues took it up with a will, and for a long time no comic paper was complete without its gibe against tea.

Tea is taken too often, too strong, and in too large quantities in nearly every home in England; and the brewing of it, especially in those places where tea is sold to the public, frequently approaches the criminal. There is no law to regulate the sale of tea. No policeman can walk into a tea-shop and demand to inspect the tea just served to a customer. There are no fixed hours for the sale of tea. You can poison yourself with tea, if you have the vice badly developed, all day and all night. Some fanatic should imitate the campaign of Carrie Nation—wasn't it?—and stalk through the land with a hammer smashing all the cups and saucers and tea-pots. If I get time, I'll do it myself.

#### The Doctor on Theatres.

One more tilt with the doctor and I have done. Every person of imagination and education realises that one of the

most admirable advice in it, and some that is—not so admirable.

#### "The Red Shadow."

If you are feeling very strong indeed, if your nerves are in perfect order, and if you are still interested in unhappy Russia, you will enjoy "The Red Shadow," which Mr. W. L. Blennerhassett, D.S.O., O.B.E., "at one time of the Secret Service in Russia," submits for your attention through the firm of Duckworth and Co.

For myself, I never can make up my mind which is the precise time to read about Russia. Not, obviously, after lunch or after dinner. Not on going to bed. Not in a railway carriage. The hammock and the beach are not yet in season; they get a close period of about six months from reviewers.

Russia, I think, is a subject for experts. If you can do anything to help Russia, by all means read about it. If you can do anything to prevent mad English people—or foreigners in England—from making England a second Russia, it is your duty to do it.

The author of "The Red Shadow" begins with phthisis and ends with the murder of the Tsar and his family. The decision rests in your own hands.

#### "Kate Curlew."

This is a romance of the Pentland Country, by Christine Orr, and Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are the publishers. The book is dedicated to one Margaret Tomory, who should be a proud woman the deed.

In a prefatory letter the authoress writes: "It is not so very long since you and I, with three others, played gipsy and took to the hills in the cold spring and in the autumn. . . . Do you remember the early starting, when the day was 'whole as an apple, kind as a friend,' and the return when the evening was bright beyond Colinton village, and the rooks cried? This is your book."

And here is an extract that will help you—

"Puir Johnnie's Nancy. She was at the door the day wantin' me to buy an auld stringy hen that hadna enough meat on it to fill a mouse's wame. I thoct shame to give her a good-day. Juist draigled like a gaun-aboot body, and her coats sweeping the glaur off the roads, and nae sooner had I a glist of her but I kent fine it was Mistress Dickson's last year's Sabbath goon, wi' the flounce rappit off." If you can read Scots without a glossary it is quite a straightforward book.

To be obtained from all respectable libraries, bookstalls, and bookshops. In case of disappointment, write to the publishers, and not, on your life, to me.

How to be Useful and Happy from Sixty to Ninety. By A. Lapthorn Smith, B.A., M.D., M.R.C.S., etc. (The Bodley Head; 5s.)

The Red Shadow. By W. L. Blennerhassett, D.S.O., O.B.E. (Duckworth and Co; 7s. 6d.)

Kate Curlew. By Christine Orr. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)



ATTENDED BY TWO NURSES AND A DOG: SIR MARTIN HARVEY, NOW CONVALESCENT AFTER HIS SEVERE ILLNESS.

Everyone is glad to hear that Sir Martin Harvey, the famous actor, is now convalescent after his severe illness. He is at present at Brighton, where our photographer snapshotted him in his bath chair with his attendant nurses and jolly little dog.—[Photograph by Hopkins.]

most exquisite emotional and intellectual delights of life is a well-written play well acted. Yet the doctor says to his patients—"What are the conditions for health in the theatres? First, is the air fresh and cool or hot and stuffy and poisoned not only with the breath of a large number of sick and well people"—here he gets a little excited and forgets that he led off with a question—"but it is also saturated with tobacco smoke."

Could anything be more unfair? He talks as though people lived in the theatre. They no more live in the theatre—the public, I mean—than they live in church. He advises them to go to church; but are our churches always so well ventilated? And can he tell me of any first-class theatre which is "saturated with tobacco smoke"? One should be careful how one makes responsible statements that may affect the livelihood of a vast number.

To sum up, I advise you to read this little book, but read it critically, and think for yourself all the time. There is a lot of

# The Oxford 'Varsity Grind at Stratton Audley.



WITH MRS. WITHERBY: MRS. CRUISE, THE WELL-KNOWN GOLFER (LEFT).



MISS JOAN FIELDEN (SEATED): MISS A. LANGDALE; MISS A. EMMETT; CAPTAIN J. BOWEN; MR. E. R. HOVER; AND MR. T. A. EMMETT.



A KEEN SPORTSMAN: THE EARL OF JERSEY.

The Oxford University Point-to-Point Races, held at Stratton Audley, were favoured with delightful weather, and attracted a very large crowd. Some good sport was witnessed. The course was on the heavy side;



WITH MR. BROMET: MISS BUCKMASTER.

but although it was fairly stiff country, there was an unusually small number of mishaps. Our page shows some snapshots of well-known people who attended the meeting.

Photographs by S. and G.



## Plays — Without Prejudice.

"MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE," AT THE NEW OXFORD.

**The Theatre.** Amusement—and how often they seem to forget it—is the primary business of the gentlemen who are engaged in the amusements business. Or (to give it its solemn title) the Theatrical Profession. Yet how often, you know, they drift away from their proper business of keeping us cheerful into the entirely self-imposed (and far more onerous) function of making us wise. Because one doesn't, if you are really to be told the truth, sally out of an evening in search of a New Way of Life. Or even of the Truth about the Universe. But just for an hour or so of entertainment. Which needn't necessarily, you know, be unintelligent. But should at least be entertaining.

**Revue.** And the Heirs of all the Ages had devised for us a form of entertainment called *revue*. You may have your opinions about it. And, some of you, your regrets. You may feel that music-halls were funnier. Or musical comedies more musical. Or witty plays without any music at all (except in the interval) more amusing. But you are bound, when you are faced with a *revue*, to consider it as a *revue* and not as a Contribution to Drama or a Slice of Life. If you do, you may enjoy it. If you don't, you may manage to compose a mordant piece of criticism, which may, in its turn, be almost as amusing as the *revue*. Or not. But you must at least take it for what it is, sit back (if there is room between the spine of the man in front and the knees of the man behind) in your seat, and enjoy it, if you can—and your cigar, if you cannot.

### The Critics.

And that is the appropriate frame of mind for the *revue*-goer. Which is rarely, oh, ever so rarely, attained by the critics. Because they, poor dears, know ever so much too much about everything to enjoy anything. And their main pleasure in life is to criticise things for not being what they aren't meant to be. It appears to be beneath the dignity of a real critic to judge a *revue* as a *revue*. He so infinitely prefers to criticise it for not being "King Lear." Deaf to the shrieks of the author, who wails that he never meant it to be, and to the sobs of the gentleman in the box office, who says that he hopes it isn't, the critic proceeds with his grave denunciation of "Mayfair and Montmartre" because it isn't something else. Which is a grave waste of pens, ink, and paper and seating accommodation on first rights.

**Good and Bad.** Because, taking it for what it is, it is good enough. And more than that. You have a band, a

pleasant noise, at least two scenes of real æsthetic distinction, quite a number of jokes, and Delysia. What more do you want? Of course, it isn't "Hamlet." If it had been, they would have said so on the programme, you know. But it is a first-rate entertainment between dinner and bed-time. And what more, in the name of Aristotle, do you

of pleasant things to look at. One has seen many a pretentious Renaissance play which went to a predestined failure with far less æsthetic attraction than the Florentine ballet scene at the Oxford. And there is so much to get through in the evening that one has hardly begun to take it in before there is a change of scene and something else is happening in front of you. One may feel sorry sometimes (but not always) that a *revue* is not a play by Mr. Galsworthy. But, granted that it is only a *revue*, its only job is to be a good *revue*. And that Mr. Cochran's productions very generally are. If it pays him to produce them rather than to commission five-act tragedies, you must blame the wicked predilections of the public.

### And Montmartre.

So there you have it. A lively evening at the Oxford which contains, crowded extremely close together, all the ingredients of popularity. Not all the young ladies are of equal talent, not all the jokes are of equal penetration, not all the songs are of equal immortality. But they never are. And, if they were, you would have nothing left to talk about. And then where would you be?

### Go and See It.

There is a little scène-mélodrame—in which Delysia displays a real power of surly acting. And there are some pieces of scenic art which one has rarely seen beaten. Except at the Pavilion. So one is not feeling a bit broad-minded about the critical gentlemen who fall went there the other evening and taught them how to do it. Believe me, the people in the trade mostly know best. And better than that sometimes. Because it is harder to write a *revue* than it is to turn out a column for the papers. It takes more thinking about. And in "Mayfair and Montmartre" it has got it.

So there is no reason why you shouldn't go and see it. And several why you should. Then, when you have been and seen and it has conquered, you will be able to write a nice appreciative letter to him, and

he will print it nice and large for all your friends to read in the evening papers. So get at it.

In spite of all the critics say, or have said, there is something for everyone at the New Oxford, and that is the essence of *revue*. The feminine appreciation of dress possibilities is more than tickled by the glories of the production; most people will laugh over at least some of the jokes; and even a "legacy" uncle who dislikes "new-fangled" stuff will be amused by the acrobatic Sylvester and Co. Especially the "and company."



THE REVIVAL OF "THE YELLOW JACKET," AT THE KINGSWAY: CHEE MOO (MISS DORIS LLOYD) CLIMBING A LADDER TO HEAVEN.

The revival of "The Yellow Jacket," the quaint play produced in "the Chinese manner," which had such a successful run at the Duke of York's in 1913, is made under the style of "the tax-free theatre, with real pre-war prices," at the Kingsway, and is thus a venture of special interest; as the management, not the audience, pays the tax. Our photograph shows Ling Won (Mr. Dickson Kenwin) at the top of the ladder, which Chee Moo (Miss Doris Lloyd) is mounting in her ascent to heaven; and the figures at the bottom of the picture are, from left to right: The Chorus (Mr. John Tresahar); Suey Sin Fah (Miss Daisy Thimm); and Lee Sin (Mr. Malcolm Morley).—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

want? Nothing is more senseless than to condemn something for not being something else. Granted that it is a *revue*, the only question is whether it is a good *revue*. And one can answer it easily enough.

**Mayfair—** There is the appropriate blend of songs and dancing, there are good tunes and tall young ladies, there is Delysia and Lady Tree and Mr. Baskcomb. And that, according to every rule of construction, is a sound *revue*, with an alternation of acting and singing and lots

## PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"LOYALTIES"; AND "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?" (ST. MARTIN'S).

One of the best Galsworthy plays, dealing with a theft case in high Society. Excellent characterisation and capital acting throughout, especially in the case of the two dual rôles, played by Mr. J. H. Roberts and Mr. Ben Field. Followed by Barrie's very amusing "unfinished" work.

"THE LADY OF THE ROSE" (DALY'S).

The best Daly piece since the war. Good music and, for a change, an interesting plot. Especially notable for a fine performance by Harry Welchman. Phyllis Dare and Huntley Wright at their best.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS" (GLOBE).

A first-rate Pinero-esque play by A. A. Milne. The story of a Victorian poet's fraud. Brilliantly acted by Irene Vanbrugh, Norman McKinnel, and others.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMER-SMITH).

Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. "Revised" version, with songs originally omitted.

"THE WHEEL" (APOLLO).

The triangle (Eternal, not Y.M.C.A.) in India. Picturesque and poignant drama. Brilliant acting by Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry; and excellent "support."

"AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).

Sir Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.

"THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAYHOUSE).

A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Miss Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.



IN "MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE"  
MLLE. NIKITINA.



IN THE VERSAILLES SCENE AT THE  
NEW OXFORD: MLLE. DELYSIA.

## PLAYS EXCEPTIONALLY WORTH SEEING.

1. "THE BAT" (ST. JAMES'S)

A mass of familiar detective complications; with a mystery very well sustained till the end.

2. "ENTER MADAME" (ROYALTY).

A comedy. Not particularly good as a play, but notable for brilliant acting, especially by one of the authors, Miss Gilda Varesi, as a temperamental prima-donna.

3. "MIXED MARRIAGE" (ALDWYCH).

The Irish Players in St. John Ervine's drama, with a not-too-cheerful ending. Roman Catholic and Protestant in Belfast. Exceptionally good acting and a very well-written play.

4. THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS (PRINCE'S).

Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Season; with all the favourites which have made Gilbert and Sullivan Opera a delight for so many years.

5. GRAND GUIGNOL (LITTLE THEATRE).

An interesting series of plays. The most gruesome of the quintet is "The Regiment," a drama new here, and distinctly too horrible for the average British playgoer.

6. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).

Mr. Cochran's successful revue. Second attractive version, with new scenes and dances.

7. "POT LUCK!" (VAUDEVILLE).

Beatrice Lillie, Jack Hulbert, and Mary Leigh excellent. Also Norah Blaney and Gwen Farrar.

[Continued below.]



A COQUETTE FROM THE VERSAILLES  
SCENE AT THE NEW OXFORD.

[Continued.]

8. "BULLDOG DRUMMOND" (WYNDHAM'S).

By "Sapper." Described by Sir Gerald du Maurier as a "Thick-Ear Play"—otherwise, hot-and-strong melodrama.

9. "BLOOD AND SAND" (NEW THEATRE).

A picturesque swagger adapted from Ibañez's novel, and with a happy domestic ending. Mr. Matheson Lang as the Matador hero, with pig-tail.

10. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).

Musical comedy—mostly Leslie Henson, but with large doses of George Grossmith, Dorothy Dickson, and other clever people.

11. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).

Sir J. M. Barrie's most sugary play, charmingly presented, and well acted by Fay Compton, Mary Jerrold, Hilda Trevelyan, and Leon Quartermaine.

12. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).

An amusing "Follyish" show, described as a Pierrotic entertainment. New programme.

13. "THE YELLOW JACKET" (KINGSWAY).

A welcome revival, with Mr. Holman Clark as excellent as before, as the bored Property Man.

14. "THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

Interesting as being a new Pinero play. Otherwise undistinguished, except for the acting. Barrie-esque, but not well handled in that master's manner.

15. "WELCOME STRANGER" (LYRIC).

The un-"Welcome Stranger" provides a triumph for the Jewish Potash-and-Perlmutter comedian, Harry Green, who is both amusing and sympathetic. Mr. George Elton also excellent.

\*16. "MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE" (NEW OXFORD).

With Delysia. Chiefly notable for certain charming scenic effects, pageantry, and dresses.



IN THE NEW OXFORD REVUE: A  
COSTUME IN "MY LADY" NUMBER.

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments well

worth seeing. These include "A to Z"; "The Golden Moth"; "Cairo"; and the musical "David Garrick." None of these "mentions" is paid for. Owing to press time, we defer "placing" "Round in 50," etc. \* First mention in our list.



## The Lights of Paris.

### Rostand's "Don Juan."

Paris is palpitating with interest. There are so many things about which one ought to write that selection is desperately difficult. But, plunging right ahead, I am bound to notice the production of "La Dernière Nuit de Don Juan," by Edmond Rostand. It is entitled to crowd out nearly everything else. Assuredly it is not often that we have an Edmond Rostand *première*. Have we not waited for this *première* for nearly eight years? "Don Juan" does not make a romantic drama of the true Rostand type. It is not a piece in the genre of "Cyrano de Bergerac." There is practically no action. Rostand in the years that preceded his death was trying to express his philosophy, was engaged in the development of a more austere drama of ideas.

### Poetry Pays.

But then Rostand had such a sense of the theatre that he could not have written an unplayable play, a play for the study only, however much he tried. The vogue of Edmond Rostand in France surpasses the vogue of any other French writer who ever lived. Do you know what is the best selling book in France? It is easily "Cyrano de Bergerac." Not only is it constantly being revived on the stage, but in its printed form it well overtops the half - million. Once upon a time Emile Zola was far ahead of all his rivals; but then he was a novelist. Rostand breaks all the Zola records as Tom Newman breaks the John Roberts records. Who says that poetry does not pay? Who thinks that plays cannot be put into volumes? Rostand wrote plays in poetry that make the publishers' figures for popular novels look silly. Anatole France, Pierre Loti, René Bazin, Henri Barbusse, Henri Bordeaux, and the rest lag painfully behind.

### Mere Marionette.

So that it is impossible to regard the production of this "Don Juan" play as anything less than the greatest literary event for some years. What verbal riches! What magnificent *verve*! The theme is simple—Rostand seeks to diminish the legendary grandeur of Don Juan. For him Don Juan was a foolish, egotistic person, puffed up by vanity. He is a mere marionette. With his trivial *amours*, what is he beside Romeo or Tristan? The Devil mocks him pitilessly as he shows him the long *défilé* of shadowy women.

### Gorgeous Costumes.

The staging at the Porte Saint-Martin, and the costumes, above all, are *éblouissants*. The Devil himself is dressed in black silk, silver-spangled, with golden hat and flame-coloured shoes. As for the splendid Venetian robes of the women, with immense head-gear from which fall in long folds silver lace wings, they are really impressive. Don

Juan has clothes in which red and violet and silver mingle—the symbol of his changing soul—gaudy, fickle, chameleon-like. Altogether the stage presented a riot of colours from which the Ombre Blanche stood out superbly.

### Pink Smoking Jackets.

It was not only on the stage that there was colour. In the *salle* itself two young men daringly wore pink smoking jackets. Naturally, they attracted much attention. Will their example be followed? It is rather too late in the season to produce much effect, but it is possible that next winter fashionable Parisian youths will make a serious attempt to break down the rules which ordain black for evening wear.

### Les Humoristes.

Then the Salon des Humoristes produces its usual little sensation. Last year Cécile Sorel smashed the caricature of her done by Bib. This year there is some commotion because



fun of the modern habit of employing a professional dancing partner. Monsieur sits comfortably at his table in the restaurant, a champagne bottle in its ice-pail before him, looking on with satisfaction as Madame is whirled round by the paid professional.

### Forain's Mastery.

Forain is, of course, represented—he is undoubtedly the master of present-day humour in France. His sense of psychology, his delicious satire, his sureness of touch, his extraordinary craftsmanship, make his works worthy of a permanent place in any gallery. Poulbot with his *gavroche*, the Alsatian Hansi, Léo Fontan with his delicate drawing of a young girl, and many more—including a striking Alexandre Duval by Sem—make up an excellent Salon, in which one may pass an agreeable hour.

### Irresponsible Youth.

Then how can I overlook the Bal Jullian? For thirty years the art students of this famous Academy have amused themselves in their own fashion. Eccentric costumes and no costumes at all, a lack of restraint that can hardly be equalled in any other assembly, and that is yet accepted innocently enough as the mark of irresponsible youth, of *gaieté de cœur*—the tradition is carried on by succeeding generations of art students. This year the fête took place at the Moulin de la Galette, on the heights of Montmartre. Some of the older painters who renew their youth in attending these juvenile balls were elaborately attired. Jean Gabriel Domergue, for example, was an Eastern Prince. But some of the others had managed to make fancy costumes out of any kind of old rags.



THE COUÉ MOVEMENT: THE APOSTLE OF AUTO-SUGGESTION AT WORK IN HIS GARDEN CLINIC AT NANCY—TEACHING PATIENTS TO CURE THEMSELVES BY THE HEALING POWER OF IMAGINATION EXERCISED BY THE UNCONSCIOUS SELF.

M. Emile Coué, of Nancy, has aroused world-wide interest by his method of healing through auto-suggestion. The whole point of his teaching is that the sufferer can bring about his own cure by the power of imagination. "The patient," he says in his famous lecture, "carries within him the instrument by which he can cure himself. . . . Every morning before rising, and every night before getting into bed, he must . . . repeat twenty times consecutively in a monotonous voice . . . this little phrase: 'Every day, in every respect, I am getting better and better.'" Hundreds of people of all sorts and conditions flock to his little villa at Nancy, where he gives his services without payment. A most interesting article is published in the current number of the "Illustrated London News" (dated March 18), describing the treatment and giving a vivid account of M. Coué at work at Nancy. Our illustration is reproduced by courtesy of the "Illustrated London News."

From the drawing by W. R. E. Stott. By courtesy of the "Illustrated London News."

the jury has rejected the caricatures of Dukercy, who treated M. Millerand, M. Mandel, M. Léon Daudet, and other well-known public men with some malice. But if one begins to throw out caricatures, what will be left? In fact, there is a wild picture of M. de Moro-Giafferi pleading furiously in a *cause célèbre*. There is an exaggerated Cora Laparcerie. There is a comic Georges Courteline. Van Dongen, who is held by many people to have labelled the Parisienne, is in his turn labelled.

### The Dancer of Madame.

Willette, who has the daintiest pencil of them all, and who has been the joy of Paris ever since the days of the Chat Noir, actually extends his scope and illustrates a dozen plates. One of the compositions which attracts most attention is that by the inimitable Albert Guillaume, in which he makes

Olympic Games. As for the sporting world of Paris—which is numerous—it is greatly perturbed by the problem of the Olympic Games. To be or not to be—that is the question. When Paris sportsmen were given the honour of arranging the Olympic Games to be held in 1924 they were delighted. But so many difficulties have been put in their way that they are discouraged. It must be confessed that they have not been treated too well, but I cannot believe that they will really deal this dreadful blow at French sport. They think that they should be given the use of the Parc des Princes, whereas the Municipal Council believes they ought to be content with the Stade Pershing. It is an unfortunate quarrel, and if Paris really renounces this opportunity of preparing the Olympic Games it will never get another chance. SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

# BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



## "BLACK & WHITE"

The Largest Stocks of old matured Scotch Malt Whisky are held by James Buchanan and Co., Ltd., and Associated Companies, which enables them to maintain their pre-War standard of age and quality.





## GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.



In "Beaufortshire." "Some" hunt from Acton Turville. Did *anyone* dodge the collection for the R.A.B.I.? At all events, retribution swiftly overtook one late-comer who essayed a short cut across country to find hounds: it was a nasty wet ditch!

Maurice and Herbert have made their bows and gracefully quitted the stage now that hunting days are cut down to four per week. the professional whips doing duty on these. But we say "Well played" very heartily to our amateurs. "Cherry" Hilton-Green gave us a good show with his pack, the Stanton Drew, but scent wasn't good enough to catch a wily Lower Woods or a hill fox; and *when* they dug one out he was a badger, lo and behold! It's a funny world.

The new M.F.H. served in the Royals during the war; then put in a bit of work at Christchurch, where he hunted the beagles; and has now made his debut in command of a new pack of foxhounds, with which he hunts the Stanton Drew and Wells country. Incidentally, he was a nephew of poor "Buzz" Hamilton, whose sudden and untimely death at the Cavalry Club the other day came as a great shock to old friends here. There were no more popular people in pre-war Beaufortshire than the Hamiltons, whose only girl, Honor, was over here for the Hunt Ball, and had a hunt next day on Mrs. Mather-Jackson's good grey. Thinking of Somerford Manor, then and now, prompts the reflection that "little Miss Dor-r-is" still has her work cut out to hold the grey pony, though a regular three days a week is helpful in adjusting their differences of opinion.

**What a Chase!** To hark back to the great Saturday. Phew! What a chase! And it was hot work on such a balmy day! Poor old Combined Training—who is now "smitten with years," as the Irish say—sat down at last, and wearily spread his recumbent form on the unpleasantly hard Bath Road; while Colonel Malise Graham relieved him of the saddle, and sat beside him, with ever such a nice bedside smile, to await recovery. What a great horse Red Seal is! I hear the gallant Colonel romped away with another race on him at the R.A. Harriers Point-to-Point.

Lord Worcester's nine-mile point sufficed the veriest glutton for "lepping," and a procession of jaded sportsmen, with tongues hanging out, tramped beside "cooked" horses into Marshfield, where timid taps on the pub. doors in close time evoked the coldest and most unsympathetic reception. Last year's lemonade was the best on offer. Ugh!

**The Visitors.** Some of the visitors are flitting now. The Trevor Horns have departed to Netheravon; Captain and Mrs. Bates follow Plain-wards shortly. Captain Bates is a son of the late Sir Edward Bates, of Gyrn Castle, up in Flintshire; and his wife is a niece of the Duchess of Atholl.

Her brother, who fell in the war, was in the 9th Lancers, and hunted here when on leave. Miss Hyacinth Hunter, her very pretty sister, came in for some good days this season when staying with Mrs. Bates. Colonel Albemarle Cator, who took over Charlton Cottage after the Duncan tragedy, married *en secondes nocces* Mrs. Atherley, whose elder girl (the younger is still flapping) is so perfectly lovely. Most people "give her best" of all the pretty girls now hunting here. One of the "visitors" that many envious eyes regard is the Portarlinton Rolls-Royce which follows the chase all day, ready for the moment when fatigue shall overtake the noble owner and turn his thoughts cushionwards. Lady Portarlinton generally comes out in it, then "changes cars" and gets into the Duke's, to their mutual entertainment, till the moment when her Lord is ready for Home Sweet Home *via* the Rolls. Lady Portarlinton was Miss Winnifreda Yuill, and hailed from "Aussie." Another "Rolls"

**The Cottesmore.** There was a big field on Saturday with the Cottesmore at Little Dalby, and a great many "strangers" out. The meet, being so near Melton, brought out numbers of Quornites. Brilliant sunshine, and a regiment of photographers making the most of it, were features of the day. The coverts at Little Dalby and Burrough Hill were blank, but hounds found at Burrough Court, where Lord Furness is living, and ran back through the gardens and on to Knossington, where the fox went to ground in the badger earths. Unfortunately, only a handful of people got away anywhere near hounds. The Master held the field up in the road by Burrough Court, and hounds ran too fast to be overtaken.

### A Gallant Lady.

Mrs. Perkins, who is an American staying at the Bell, at Melton, had two falls, the second one damaging her neck and shoulder. She is a gallant lady, and it is both her own and her ten horses' first season's hunting in England. She breeds her own hunters, rides well, and goes well, and, considering that ditches are rare in America and fences mostly timber, it is very remarkable how well she sees a hunt and how seldom she has been down.

I've never seen such a lot of pretty girls as were out that day. Mrs. "Bertie" Sheriffe's are good riders as well as good lookers. Mme. Loewenstein was running about in a bright yellow coat, black silk stockings, "gum" boots, and a short kilted skirt. A very practical get-up, and decorative as well. I also noticed Colonel Grenfell and Lady Muriel. He is being quite a successful butcher in Pickworth, and getting heaps of trade. The novelist who has thrilled us all with his "The Love Story of Aliette Brunton" was looking very smart. Has he begun his great hunting novel yet?

**The Meet at Luffenham Hall.** Plenty of food at the Fenwicks on Monday, wasn't

there? How pretty they've made it! Cecil Aldin, the great animal artist and author of charming books on architecture, was walking. He has just finished a successful equestrian portrait of Mr. Lancelot Lowther, which the hunt presented him with on the cessation of his Field-Mastership.

Br-r! Wasn't it cold at Luffenham, though? I wonder why they never go to Morcott? It's in the country, yet there hasn't been a meet there since before the war, I believe. Some places seem to get forgotten, while others get three or four meets in the season.

### A Farewell Party for "T. G."

The Melton Embassy had another night the other Monday: a sort of farewell to Captain Tommy Graves, who has returned to the paths of duty. It was a good party. Those balloons do seem to break the ice—but perhaps some of the dancing was not always sedate and graceful!

(Continued on page 5.)



WITH HIS HAT FLYING: PRINCE HENRY FINISHES SECOND IN THE GRAFTON HUNT MEMBERS' RACE AT LITCHBOROUGH.

Prince Henry, who is a very fine horseman, rode his Ocean III. in the Grafton Hunt Members' Race at the Point-to-Point Meeting at Litchborough. After a thrilling race he finished second to Mr. W. A. Low on his Magic, who won by three-quarters of a length.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

generally in the offing belongs to Mr. Cox, a Canadian magnate, who does himself pretty well, and comes over here every spring for the last bit of the hunting.

### The Belvoir and the Quorn.

The Belvoir meet at Waltham the other Wednesday was not a large one. A gale and snowstorm that morning proved sufficient to prevent all but the most valiant from facing the field. They, however, were rewarded by a good hunt almost back to Melton by the cemetery, and a bright afternoon.

On Friday the Quorn met at Beeby, but there was still snow about, and it fell at intervals during the early part of the day. Hounds ran well into the Cottesmore country through Tilton Wood to ground short of Twyford. Lord Molyneux had a fall; also, in the later hunt, Captain Sherrard had a nasty crash over timber, his horse rolling over him and breaking a rib.

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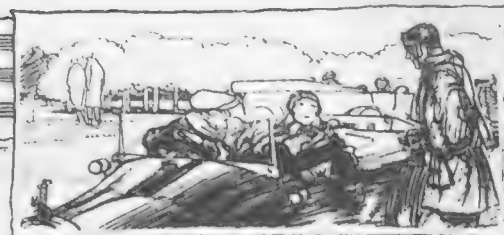
NELSON'S STAIRWAY, the "George," Portsmouth:— Very little remaining of its antiquity excepting Nelson's bedroom and the staircase which he descended before the battle of Trafalgar.

Johnnie Walker : "Ah ! England expects . . . ."

Shade of Nelson : "that you, JOHNNIE WALKER, will go on paying duty."



# Motor Dicta. By Gerald Biss.



## Bureau-crash-ery.

If the lying jade do not live up to her unholy reputation, it is anticipated by the know-alls of automobilism that, possibly even before these words of wisdom appear in print, the high-sounding and sonorous Committee on Taxation and Regulation of Road Vehicles, which has been incubating for many long months, will have hatched out a whole sitting of automobiliary eggs. Some are bound, as usual, to be addled and unhatchable; but let it be hoped that we be not presented with a basketful of wind eggs. However, on the other hand, the cognoscenti rather anticipate an auk's egg of great size and peculiar rarity in the abolition of the worn-out and ever illogical speed-limit—subject, of course, to the sapient efforts of the next House of Commons. I am certain that I have worn out scores of stylographic pens, surcharged with red ink, over a period of twenty-odd years denouncing the evils of that Victorian monstrosity, born in sin and begotten in iniquity. Unlike history, I will not repeat myself, but merely wish it a happy cremation, and hope that old Rumour for once be telling the truth and not the tale. Of course, if true and accepted by our demn'd democratic rulers, whoever they may be, it will undoubtedly spell a tightening-up of the public-danger clause; but this is only right if rightly done and rightly administered. No one should be permitted to endanger other people or to be reckless; and road hogs are the curse of the highway, and anathema to all seasoned motorists. Accidents must happen from time to time, and the responsibility should be carefully adjusted without prejudice; and be a driver seriously in fault or drunk when the damage is done, he deserves to get it in the neck.

**Red Lights and Head-Lights.** The statutory speed-limit has only done harm by its lack of logic and its serious abuse in certain notorious areas; and, unfortunately, it has done much to create a breach of the peace between two good fellows in the ordinary way—the sportsman and the policeman. I always touch my hat to a policeman, except when he is trapping; and, as a rule, you cannot find a nicer or more friendly body of men. So, as for the speed-limit, let it R.I.P.! Rumour also hath it that the left-hand drive is not to be abolished, but regulated with a view to insuring safety. Personally, I loathe the left-hand drive in

conjunction with our left-hand rule of the road; but it is logical in other countries. What is really wanted is a recognised and uniform rule of the road for the whole world; but just at present nobody seems quite to know where the giddy old globe is, or whether it be standing on its head or its heels, or going round the right way or the wrong way—so how can you fix any old rule one way or the other? Again, the jade hath it that it is to be tail-lights for all—I hope from perambulators upways, and including the Saturday-night yokel pedestrian on the country road leading to home-sweet-home and family trouble after he has done in his weekly dole. Why cyclists make such a fearful fuss, and object to self-protection upon an obviously misguided principle, I can never understand. Were I a push-biker or a pedestrian, I should wear a red searchlight behind, and never go out without it. It has always been so hopelessly absurd that the fastest vehicle upon the

at 5s. 6d. up on the hill, with a special enlarged room for members with (tell it not in Noo York, nor whisper it in the streets of Pussydom) a lounge bar off it. Later on, teas will be served as a sop to Puss-foot. There will also be a public room on the hill; and a new grand stand is being erected, as the Yanks have it, behind the pits at the fork, with a big public refreshment room underneath. This is all to the good, as it encourages the social side of Brooklands, which, as I found out years ago, means so much to the track. The General Public (bless 'em!) ought to be encouraged to come to motor meetings as naturally and enthusiastically as they hie them to race meetings; and if you cater satisfactorily for the inner man, that's, if not half the battle, a good deal of it. I'm really pleased to hear the details of the new Brooklands catering plans, and wish them luck, and may they materialise speedily!

## Impresario Lloyd.

Of a verity Lindsay Lloyd is developing into one of the lads of any village with a dash of Lyons thrown in—instead of being thrown to, as heretofore. Now all he wants is a double dash of Charlie Cochran added to his stern disciplinary methods to make him an auto-impresario of the highest order. He has a wonderfully long list of events for the season, and some very interesting ones, especially the B.A.R.C.'s own long-distance day; but I hear that between the English and the Americans at three litres and the obstinate and ever-

combative Gaul at two litres he is in a strait. Incidentally, why not both in once and a question of comparison? But back to muttons—I have the first two sheet announcements before me for Bank Holiday and May 13, but nothing original in either. There is plenty of racing upon the old, old lines, but not a bit of this season's ginger; and, worst of all, the one event dropped is the ever-popular "sprint," which always rang the curtain down happily. However, there is, to my personal knowledge, no finer judge of his market than Lindsay Lloyd, and I hear very interesting stories of big new cars in training for the Brooklands season. Good luck to it! We are expecting some fun there this year, and though neither the motor nor any other industry can expect to boom just yet, we are all alive and kicking, which is always something.



LONDON'S NEW MIDNIGHT MOTOR STREET-WASHER: A WONDERFUL MACHINE WHICH CAN BE USED ALSO AS A "FIRST-AID" FIRE-ENGINE.

This remarkable new machine, the Dennis Street Washer and Watering Machine, recently made its debut in the Strand at midnight, and proved a great success. Sprinklers are mounted on the front of the machine, and for watering purposes throw the water to a 50 ft. spread; while for washing they can provide a spread of 25 to 30 ft. The machine can also be used as a "first-aid" fire-engine, as it can throw a jet of 175 gallons at 100 lb. pressure. The tank, which has a capacity of 200 gallons, can be filled from a pond or river, if necessary. Our photograph shows the sprinklers cleaning up the streets of London by throwing their large volumes of water. It was taken with the aid of the special lighting arrangement of the Topical Film Company.—[Photograph by C.N.]

road should be the one with the compulsory rear light; but soon I trust that by law it will be a case of tails (lit) up all round without fear or favour. And that's that! Finally, there is the head-light question.

## Brooklands Breaks Out.

Giddy old Brooklands is getting a bit of a jazz on for the coming season—orchestra upon the hill on Sunday afternoons, contrary to all Presbyterian principles, and the motor public admitted to the track to buzz their scrap iron round and see what it feels like when you can't kill yourself. It is a thing that I had the honour to suggest years ago as a bit of popularity propaganda. And not only that, the catering arrangements are coming in for revision. The new scheme is a quickly served cold lunch at four bob in the paddock, and a more elaborate hot one

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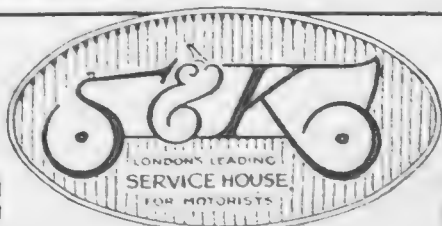
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### The Charm of the Cape.

All clothes have a distinctive significance, peculiar to each garment, and the cape, or cape-coat, certainly stands for grace, and, indeed, a vague hint of romance. It requires

high to the throat back and front, some beautifully embroidered with crystal beads, sleeveless, and finished with long, panel-like trains which fall from the shoulder. A charming white frock, suitable for a garden party, is of tucked georgette over shining white satin. The skirt is long and full, the sleeves are transparent, and the necessary touch of colour is given by a brilliant and original sunshade. White crêpe marocain jumpers, rather close-fitting, with long and ample sleeves, look delightful with a finely kilted white skirt. A blue-and-white voile frock is draped becomingly on the hips and hangs in floating points. Smoke-grey georgette is ornamented with huge flowers made of uncut grey silk fringe.

What could be more charming than the gown sketched on this page? It is composed of black crêpe marocain ingeniously draped, and fastened at the side with two big steel ornaments. The wide, transparent sleeves and the neck are decorated with little steel studs. Soft black satin, draped and hanging in a point at one side, forms another dress. This is finished with a long roll-collar of black, silver-spotted ninon, on which coloured flowers are faintly visible; the sleeves are of this fascinating material also. "Ecirum" makes all kinds of wrap-coats, and there is one particularly beautiful cape-cloak of black satin lined with royal-blue. This has a wide scarf forming the collar, and is finished with silk fringe. Evening gowns can be obtained from 11½ guineas, and other frocks from 4½ guineas.

### Hats for the Spring.

Now that heavy coats have been discarded, it is time to think of new hats to wear with the spring costumes. Woodrow, 46, Piccadilly, have a large selection to choose from, and, as so many of their hats are hand-made, it is always possible to copy them in any shade the wearer may fancy. The very charming country hat depicted on this page is of fine brown liseret straw and soft biscuit plait, ornamented with a wide brown velvet band and bow; the cost is 42s. The second hat is of very light-weight natural manilla straw, underlined with black miroir velvet and finished with a black ribbon velvet bow; the price is 35s. Woven straw tissue of a delicate mole-colour, underlined



She is wearing a hat of cream manilla straw lined and trimmed with black miroir velvet; it was obtained at Woodrow's.

a master hand to design a perfect cape, and Bradley's, Ltd., Chepstow Place, have some lovely examples among their new Paris models. A black crêpe marocain cavalier cape is lined with cherry-coloured silk, and wonderfully draped. Another, of dull black satin, is ornamented with white embroidery and ivory cabochons. One charming robe de ville is accompanied by a transparent length of blue georgette caught in at the waist at the back, and flowing to the hem of the dress in front. This stole-like cape is edged with a wide ruche of ostrich feathers. Gabardine and tweed costumes are finished with fascinating three-quarter capes; some cover the sleeves, others fall straight at the back. Colours have returned, and all shades of yellow are very fashionable. A pale-lemon coat and skirt—the former very long and with wide sleeves—is heavily embroidered with dull white, lending it a delightfully cool appearance. The hats to wear with these creations are striking in their charming simplicity. Most of them are made of straw, some small and turned up in front or on the side, with a vivid bird of Oriental splendour. Others are large or small cloches, simply trimmed round the crown with coloured birds or bright quills. One hat of soft straw is decorated with large roses from the centre of which springs a sharp green parrot's wing.

### Snow-White Creations.

Bradley's have many exquisite white frocks among their Paris models. Heavy crêpe marocain, georgette, and the softest of white satin are employed to make these gowns. For evening wear they are almost



"Ecirum" has created this delightful gown of black crêpe marocain finished with steel studs.

One evening frock of mist-blue crêpe is a marvel of clever drapery. The skirt is quite long, having the new trouser effect which does not impede the walk, and the back hangs in a long, loose panel. Fine silver lamé, transparent when held against the light, is used for making a simple but effective three-tier cape to wear with these fascinating dresses.

### Steel Studs and Spotted Ninon.

The straight frock with the low waist-line and uneven hem has certainly come to stay, and "Ecirum," 43, South Molton Street, has created some delightful models.



A charming country hat of soft brown straw decorated with brown velvet. Sketched at Woodrow's.

with egg-shell-blue georgette, forms another model. This hat is trimmed with hand-made blue georgette roses with amber centres, and the price is 47s. 6d.

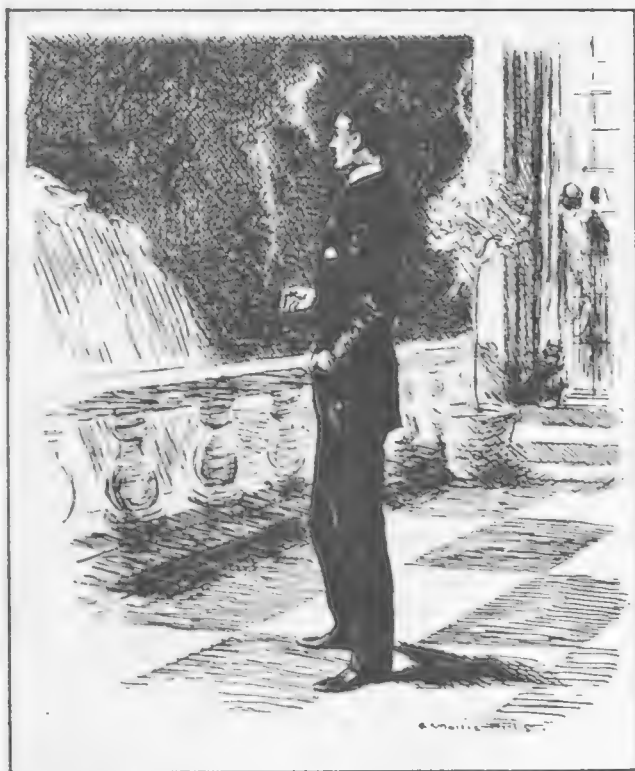
[Continued overleaf.]

# A Little Flutter

by "Warwick."

"**Z**ERO" said the croupier. Now it was a funny thing that I had just thought of backing zero, but of course I'd promised myself "not to play." So I put my hand in my pocket to get out a Kenilworth. I found my banknote case instead.

Just to prove my theory that "one must lose," I put a louis on number fifteen. "Quinze" called the croupier—I had won 35 louis. I pushed it all on to red—and red came up. 72 louis counting my original stake! I left it on—out of pride. Up came black—I had lost everything. "It's curious," I thought, "how much more it hurts to lose money you've made than to lose your own." I staked five times running on zero—it never turned up. I shifted to 35 and the croupier called "Zero." It was maddening.



I lit up a Kenilworth. The soothing influence of the ripe Virginian tobacco soon calmed my nerves. Carelessly I threw my last two louis on red. "I'll leave them there," I thought, "till I've finished my cigarette." Red came up four times running. I had won 32 louis. I drew the last delicious puff from my Kenilworth, and pocketed my winnings. And it was lucky I did so, as after that came 17 "blacks" in succession.

I strolled out on the terrace, lit another Kenilworth, and reflected that life was good when one could enjoy such splendid tobacco.

The "Kenilworth" crop now being used has developed magnificently in store, and is making the finest Virginians procurable to-day at any price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/6 for 20; 3/8 for 50; 7/4 for 100.

## Kenilworth Cigarettes

If you smoke a Pipe—

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# WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

## Novelties of Note.

At this time of the year most women are hunting the shops in search of spring novelties, and if you go to Gorrings's, Buckingham Palace Road, you will find many really fascinating things. The charming blue silk parasol sketched on this page has a wooden handle painted in blue and red, while each rib is finished with a wooden knob carved like a tiny fir-cone; the price is 49s. Coloured silk umbrellas, with large, painted ivory handles, are only 39s. 6d. There are so many styles in gloves that it is difficult to choose between them; all women will be delighted to hear that it is now possible to obtain washing suède, mocha, etc., in any length, and at the most reasonable prices. No one can have too many necklaces, and the one pictured here is composed of black and yellow beads with a gold tassel; the price is 15s. 6d. Everyone will admire the brown silk crochet jumper with its wide trimming of marguerites; it costs 5 guineas. The hat on this page also comes from Gorrings's, and is made of woven bronze straw, its only ornament being a gorgeous flame-coloured bird-of-paradise, and the price is 18 guineas.



Navy-blue gabardine decorated with white and black braid is used for this three-piece costume; the corsage is of blue georgette, also braided. Sketched at Harvey Nichols'.

## The Frock of the Moment.

The three-piece costume is the most useful garment created, for not only can it be worn as an ordinary coat and skirt, but it also makes a delightful luncheon frock



This fascinating hat is of woven straw ornamented with a gorgeous flame-coloured bird-of-paradise. The parasol of blue silk has a novel handle of painted wood. Sketched at Gorrings's.

The one sketched on this page was seen at Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, and is a real *chef d'œuvre*. The finest navy-blue gabardine is used, and this is trimmed in a fascinating manner with woven black and white silk braid, which gives a silvery effect. The jumper portion is of blue georgette, with long sleeves, also braided, and put into a hem of georgette at the bottom. Another beautiful model consists of a perfectly straight frock of dark-blue serge entirely braided with narrow black braid leaving stars of plain material here and there; this is finished at the neck with a thick ruche of braid loops. There are many other delightful gowns for the older woman; and it must not be forgotten that Harvey Nichols are making a specialty in out-sizes.

## The Pamela Hat.

The choice of hats for the children is often a source of worry, for really simple and becoming hats are difficult to obtain. Now all the big shops in London and the provincial towns sell Pamela hats, and, as these are specially designed for the little ones, there is no risk of buying something unsuitable. Pamela hats are made in all shapes and sizes for the wee maiden of four years old upwards to the awkward ages of sixteen and seventeen. Even Baby Brother has not been forgotten, and there are the softest of white straw hats trimmed with ribbons in several styles. Some of the flower-decked hats are charming; and one little old-fashioned shape in black taffetas lined with pink is ornamented with hand-made silk roses. A Grannie bonnet of soft white straw, lined with white georgette, is finished with two tiny "tips" that are really fascinating. If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining Pamela hats, send a postcard to Mme. Auburn, 31, Maddox Street, and she will put you in communication with the nearest retailer.

## The Perfect Figure.

Many women of to-day have not realised even yet that to obtain a beautiful figure it is necessary to wear a perfectly fitting, carefully designed corset. Of course, a great many women have naturally good

figures; but in this case the corset is quite as essential, for if neglected the lines become less graceful and the figure loses that alertness which is so great a charm. Now Gossard has designed perfect corsets, and their great feature lies in the fact that there are so many shapes and sizes that each woman can be personally fitted. The Gossard corset laces and fastens in front. This permits an elegant line at the back, banishes all ugly ridges, and gives real comfort and freedom, for the bottom of the back is finished with elastic. For the generous figure these corsets are made of broché or coutil strengthened with double pieces over the hips, the under-part being made of elastic. The average woman likes her corset to be low in front, and there are many beautiful models in silk jersey or soft suède cloth which follow the natural lines and fit as perfectly as a glove. Gossard's brassières, which should be worn in conjunction with the corsets, are exquisitely shaped and give just the support needed; they can be obtained in many different styles. These corsets are sold at all shops, and there is a variety of prices ranging between 12s. 9d. and 4 guineas.

## Spring-Cleaning Made Easy.

The bright sunshine is peeping in through the window and showing where the winter fogs have left their grimy marks on the curtains. The carpet, too, is dull and appears



Gorrings's is responsible for this charming jumper of brown silk, and the necklace of black and yellow beads.

faded; the colour-scheme of the pretty room seems to have changed for the worse. But a good spring-cleaning will bring back these faded tints, especially if you entrust your curtains, carpets, bedding, and upholstery to such experts as Lush and Cook, Ltd., who have branches everywhere. These celebrated dyers and cleaners will restore any sort of furnishing fabrics—silk, velvet, or wool—at the most reasonable cost and without delay. Clothes, too, require a spring-cleaning at this time of the year, and many an old costume or faded jumper becomes a new and elegant garment after its visit to Lush and Cook, Ltd.



# DICKINS & JONES

*Opening of their*

## NEW PREMISES IN REGENT STREET ON MARCH 20<sup>TH</sup> 1922

**A WONDERFUL DREAM COME TRUE!** For nearly a century and a quarter, or to be precise, since 1803, the business of "Dickins & Jones" has added unceasingly, here a little, there a little, to its ever-growing prestige in the world of Fashion.

**IT HAS BEEN THE AMBITION** of those who for years have guided its destinies to see one day a home for its activities worthy of its reputation, and worthy of that discriminating clientèle which this House has gathered round it.

**TO-DAY, IN THE HEART OF FASHIONLAND,** there rises, imposing, stately and majestic, a "DICKINS & JONES" worthy of all the bygone years of effort, at once the largest and most beautiful House devoted exclusively to Women's and Children's Attire, in the world.

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**IN THESE NEW SURROUNDINGS IT WILL BE POSSIBLE** to study the needs of our present clientèle more successfully than ever, and our enormously enhanced resources warrants a promise of faultless Service to tens of thousands of new customers.

**MAYBE MORE ATTRACTIVE STILL ARE THE STRICTLY MODERATE PRICES** that will rule through all departments; the VALUE will be paramount.

**IT CANNOT BE MADE TOO CLEAR THAT THE UNDEVIATING POLICY OF "DICKINS & JONES"** is to provide goods that the public can depend upon implicitly for Style-correctness, Freshness, Quality and Service at charges as low as, and probably lower than, such merchandise can be obtained elsewhere.

**IT IS TO THIS ENLARGED AND BEAUTIFUL BUILDING** that we specially invite every reader of this announcement. To mark the occasion, there have been arranged for this week a great number of unusually attractive offers, some further details concerning which appear in the Daily Press.

**THOSE WHO SECURE THESE REMARKABLE VALUES** will have double cause for linking up with a House which for everything appertaining to Fashion is London's foremost guide.

**READERS LIVING AT TOO GREAT A DISTANCE TO PAY A PERSONAL VISIT** may share in the Special Attractions by writing immediately for the "Book of Economy Offers," which will be posted gratuitously by return, and names and addresses will be filed for the sending of subsequent Catalogues and Booklets if desired.

**DURING THIS WEEK** Selections of Music will be given, at 11.30 to 1 p.m., 2.30 to 5 p.m., by the Band of His Majesty's Irish Guards (by permission of Colonel R.C.A. McCalmont, D.S.O.).

**DICKINS & JONES**  
LIMITED  
REGENT STREET LONDON W



# WOOLLANDS

## Hats for Easter

Latest Models combined with smartness and refinement make a visit to Woolland's extremely interesting at this season. The prices are most moderate, and the Quality of Woolland's Usual High Standard.

E. 65.

Very pretty Hat copy of French model, in a new openwork straw, and trimmed with roses round brim. In all beautiful and artistic colourings.

Price 4 Gns.

We have this hat also in plain straw, in all colours.

Price 3½ Gns.



E. 67.

Charming Hat made in canvas straw, trimmed with ruches of ribbon, & French wreath of flowers round crown. In all lovely colours.

Price 3½ Gns.



F. 66.

A very charming Hat copy of Marie Guy. In royal blue silk with wide edge and lessing of purple georgette and trimmed with French wreath of flowers, and also underneath at back of brim.

Price 4½ Gns.

This hat is also made in every desired colour in straw.

4 Gns.

WOOLLAND BROS. LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Harvey Nichols  
of Knightsbridge

## Newest Silks for Spring and Summer

In the Silk Salon we are now displaying many exclusive novelties in Rich Fancy Silks from Paris and Lyons, and many charming designs in Printed Foulards, Crêpes, and Gauzes, also exceptionally good values in the newest makes of Plain Silks, dyed to the latest shades, including Crêpe Marocain, Crêpe Romain, Georgette, Crêpe-de-Chine, Crêpe Beauté, Satin Charmant, Taffetas, Jersey Fabrics and Gauzes. We quote a few special offers at attractive prices:—

<p><b>CRÊPE NINON.</b> All silk, in over 100 of the newest shades. 42 in. wide. From, per yard 4/11½.</p>	<p><b>DYED JAPANESE SILK.</b> Over 100 shades in stock. 27 in. wide. Per yard 2/11½. 36 in. wide. From, per yard 4/11½.</p>
<p><b>CRÊPE LINGERIE.</b> Best British Manufacture. Similar in appearance to good Crêpe-de-Chine. Wears and washes well. Pale shades only, Ivory or Black. 40 in. wide. Per yard 5/11.</p>	<p><b>FRENCH FOULARDS.</b> Many new and striking patterns, expressly designed for us, on White, Black, Navy, and coloured grounds. 40 in. wide. From, per yard 8/11.</p>
<p><b>CHIFFON TAFFETA.</b> Several qualities in all the newest shades, for day and evening wear; also many charming shot effects. 36/40 in. wide. From, per yard 6/11.</p>	<p><b>PRINTED JAPANESE SILKS.</b> New designs suitable for linings, jumpers, lampshades, etc. 36 in. wide. From, per yard 5/11.</p>
<p><b>SATIN LAINE.</b> A nice quality Wool Back Satin in a good range of shades for dressing gowns, tea gowns, etc., 40 in. wide. Per yard 7/11.</p>	<p><b>PRINTED SHANTUNG SILKS.</b> Good designs and new colourings. 33 in. wide. From, per yard 6/11.</p>
<p><b>SATIN ORIENTAL.</b> A soft bright Satin, in a good range of newest shades. 40 in. wide. From, per yard 8/11.</p>	<p><b>PRINTED SATINS.</b> A large variety of charming designs in Floral and Futurist effects, for coat and cloak linings, etc. 33/40 in. wide. From, per yard 8/11.</p>
<p><b>DYED SHANTUNG SILKS.</b> Good heavy make, in a large range of new colours; also in Ivory. 33 in. wide. Per yard 5/11.</p>	<p><b>"SPUNELLA" AND "SPUNELLA DE CHINE."</b> The Ideal Washing Silks at very special prices. New Stripes and self colours.</p>
<p><b>JAPANESE WASHING SILKS.</b> Natural shade, 27 in. and 36 in. wide. From, per yard 2/11½.</p>	<p><b>"SPUNELLA."</b> 25 in. wide. Per yard 5/11. 30 in. wide. Per yard 6/11.</p>
	<p><b>"SPUNELLA DE CHINE."</b> 25 in. wide. Per yard 4/11½. 30 in. wide. Per yard 5/11. 40 in. wide. Per yard 7/11.</p>

PATTERNS POST FREE ON REQUEST.

Kindly state makes and colours desired.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.

## EXCLUSIVE PRINCESS PETTICOAT

THIS smart Princess Petticoat has been specially designed by our own artist and made from really high-class materials by our own skilled workers.

Write for Catalogue.

Charming PRINCESS PETTICOAT, in good quality Crêpe-de-Chine, smart, well-cut shape, effectively trimmed with fine cream lace and hemstitching. In pink, black, ivory, mauve, lemon, sky, apricot.

Price 39/6

### GLOVES.

5-button length sac elastic wrist, mocha-finish chevreton suede, in brown, beaver and slate.

6/11 per pair.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
LONDON W.1

Sent on Approval.



# A Decorative Transformation *by* Harrods



THESE TWO ILLUSTRATIONS ARE OF THE SAME ROOM

The smaller illustration provides a view of the Drawing-Room of a Country House before Harrods co-operation was invited. The large illustration shows the remarkable transformation effected.



HARRODS LTD

KNIGHTSBRIDGE

LONDON SW1

OF that unerring skill with which Harrods Decoration Experts can appraise the possibilities of a room and devise new decorative schemes for turning those possibilities, however meagre, to fullest account, these illustrations afford abundant evidence. The fact that this transformation was effected without big sacrifice of existing furnishings goes to prove that Harrods work is economical as well as efficient. Harrods will gladly estimate free for any decorative work you may have in contemplation.

## EXCLUSIVE TEA GOWNS

This fashionable and exclusive Tea Gown is a copy of one of the newest Paris models, and is made by our own workers from rich quality marocain, and is a most graceful and becoming garment.

**HANDSOME TEA GOWN** (as sketch) in rich quality marocain in a beautiful shade of turquoise blue, cut with low waist-line and long cross-over bodice, the back of gown cut in panel, which forms the train, wing sleeves faced with silver tinsel lace; finished belt of jet and coloured stones or imitation pearls.

PRICE  
**18½ Gns.**

FANCY DROP-  
STITCH LISLE  
THREAD HOSE

(as sketch),

well-fitting, can be strongly recommended for wear. In black, white and a variety of colours.

Price 8/11 per pair.



**Debenham & Freebody.**  
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)

Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London. W. 1

## The Home Beautiful

Telegrams:  
"Greatly,  
London."

Telephone:  
Battersea, 300  
(4 lines).

### "SPRING" Furnishing Fabrics.

"THE HOME BEAUTIFUL," Williamson & Cole's famous Book on Furnishing, will be sent post free upon application.  
**CRETONNES**, Newest designs and colourings from 10/4 to 12/11 per yard.  
**SHADOW TISSUES, TAFFETAS AND PRINTED LINENS**, from 2/10 to 18/11 per yard.  
**CASEMENT CLOTHS** in various colours and qualities, from 10/4 to 6/6 per yard.  
**BOLTON SHEETINGS**, 50 ins. wide, from 2/6 per yard.  
**SATIN CLOTHS, REPS, BROCADES, DAMASKS, AND TAPESTRIES**, from 3/11 to 29/11 per yard.

Fashions Post Free.



THE  
"IDLE"  
CHAIR.

**"Sunpruf"**  
UNFADABLE FABRICS

RESIST TROPICAL SUN,  
SEA AIR, AND WASHING.

Write for Pattern Book of Williamson & Cole's "Sunpruf" Unfading Fabrics. The most comprehensive range of all known reliable unfading colours. Infinite variety of textures, designs and colours.

**CASEMENT CLOTHS** from 14/4 per yard.

**TWILLS**, from 3/8 per yard.

**REPS**, from 3/11 per yard.

**SATIN CLOTHS, FIGURED DAMASKS, AND**

**POPLINS** from 7/11 per yard.

All Fabrics prefixed with the word "Sun" are guaranteed unfading. Any length failing to meet this guarantee will be replaced.

Exceptionally comfortable deep seat Lounge, with loose leather Cushion in seat and back. (Illustration) £8 8 0

**Williamson & Cole**  
HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W. 4. LTD



# Swan & Edgar Ltd

Every Swan & Edgar garment is characterised by a shape-ness of line and a faultlessness of workmanship which comes from a century's knowledge of supplying women's requirements. Come and inspect the varied collection of new Spring designs now being displayed.

## SPRING COATS & SKIRTS



"Maurice"

Coat and Skirt of exceptional value. In all-wool Gabardine, trimmed self-coloured braid and lined throughout with Silk. In Navy, Black, Putty and all pastel Spring colourings. Small to large sizes.

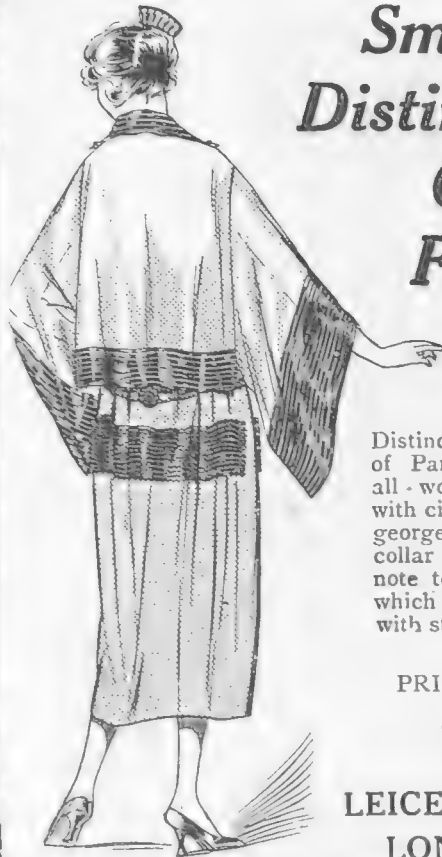
**5½ Gns**

SWAN & EDGAR LTD PICCADILLY CIRCUS

# Stagg & Mantle Ltd

Established over 100 Years

## Smart & Distinguished Coat Frock



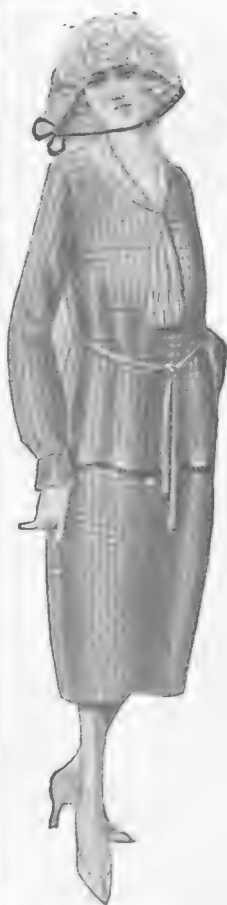
Distinctive Coat Frock (copy of Paris model) produced in all-wool gabardine trimmed with ciré braid. Heavy quality georgette sleeves and cape collar strike an entirely new note to this attractive model, which is finished at the waist with steel girdle.

PRICE **6½ Gns.**

To be had in Navy.

LEICESTER SQUARE,  
LONDON, W.C. 2

## A delightful "Alba" Knitted Costume for Spring and Summer Wear



"THE CRANLEY"

THE "CRANLEY" is of pure wool and beautiful artificial silk. The colour scheme is an arrangement of horizontal stripes of wool and artificial silk in contrasting shades, and the diced effect is obtained by neat vertical ribs introduced in the knitting. The result is the smart check or dicing suggested in the illustration. Very light, serviceable and ideal for summer sports purposes, the "Cranley" is highly recommended, and must be seen to be fully appreciated. The beautiful colour contrasts are: Sky/White, Parma/White, Lt. Grey/White, Lemon/White.

Price only **55/6**

Selections and colour patterns sent on approval on receipt of reference or deposit.

IMPORTANT. An Exhibition of Greensmith Downes famous Scotch Knit Specialities will be held in the Dean Hotel, Oxford Street, London, W., from the 27th March to 7th April, to which all interested are respectfully invited.

**GREENSMITH DOWNES**  
146 George Street, Edinburgh

Send for the new  
Illustrated  
Catalogue.

If your Pro-phy-lac-tic fails to give the service you think it should, return it to us and we will send you a  
**N E W  
BRUSH  
FREE**  
paying the postage both ways.



Each Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is packed in an easily identified Yellow Box, protecting it against handling from the time it is sterilized at the factory until it reaches the toilet stand. Your dentist will appreciate this—and this—

—the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is curved to enable it to reach all parts of the mouth, the bristles fit the teeth and clean *between* them. The only tooth brush that cleans every nook and cranny is the

# Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Sold only in **YELLOW Box**

Surface brushing cannot prevent your teeth from decaying—thus ruining your appearance and health. Use the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush that cleans all corners of the teeth.

"A clean tooth never decays"

In hard, medium, or soft bristles—one quality only—always in the sanitary **YELLOW box—2/6**. At all Chemists, Stores, etc., or, if any difficulty, sent post free on receipt of price.

Insist on the genuine  
**PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC**  
sold only in a  
**YELLOW Box**

Write for a free copy of  
**TOOTH TRUTHS.**

William E. Peck & Co., Inc.,  
31, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C. 1.

Manufactured by Florence Mfg. Co., Mass., U.S.A.

# Harrods

CORSET SALONS

**"STYLISH- Stout"**  
Corsets have been evolved in order to provide for the lady of full figure who requires a high-grade corset, a garment which is essentially hers.

Of unique yet common-sense design, they impart to the full figure a slender-like silhouette, perfect poise and at the same time contribute considerably to comfort and to health.

A variety of styles, cleverly graded to suit all types of full figure.

**"Stylish Stout"**  
*Scientific System*  
**Corsets**

STYLE 1310.

In rich silk Broché White or Pink, with silk elastic panel at bust.

Sizes 22-42 ins. ... **78/6**

BRASSIÈRE STYLE "C."

In silk Poplin. White or Pink. Perfectly shaped.

Bust sizes 31-48 ins. **8/11**

**HARRODS L<sup>TD</sup>**

KNIGHTSBRIDGE  
LONDON SW 1

and Houses of Prestige everywhere



Washing Spun Crêpe

## TAILOR SHIRTS

At Special Prices

The value of these Shirts is quite extraordinary, and at the prices at which they are offered for sale is considerably below the present market value. These Shirts are perfectly tailored, are cut on full lines, and are made in spun crêpe-de-Chine in four different designs, which can be thoroughly recommended for its excellent wearing and washing qualities.

**NEW TAILORED SHIRT** (as sketch) in rich quality spun crêpe-de-Chine, new shaped adaptable collar, which can be worn high to neck or open, fastening two pearl buttons, cut on full lines. In sky, pink, yellow and mauve only.

SPECIAL PRICE

**25/-**

Sent on approval.

**Debenham & Freebody**  
*(Debenham's Limited)*

Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London W. 1



PURE SILK  
MILANESE  
UNDERWEAR  
AT PRE-WAR PRICES.

**DURING** the last few years, Milanese Silk Underwear has become extremely fashionable, owing to its good wearing and washing qualities. We have designed a number of attractive garments in Milanese and shall sell them at prices which are very little in advance of those prevailing in pre-war days.

PURE SILK MILANESE VEST and KNICKERS, thoroughly well made from excellent, quality materials that can be strongly recommended for really good wear. Vest with hemstitched band, perfect fitting, full length, medium size. In white, pink, sky, yellow, mauve and black.

VEST. *Special Price* **15/9**

*Super Quality* 25/6

KNICKERS to match, new wide shape ... **18/9**

*Super Quality* 29/6

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
LONDON W 1

Selection sent on Approval.



The "HOLMES."

**ROBERT HEATH'S** Ltd., of Knightsbridge. New Tricorne Tam. Made in their well-known absolutely waterproof and unspottable velvet, it is very smart and suitable for all Sporting Wear. The back is close-fitting and essentially comfortable. In black and a variety of thirty-two colours. Price **48/6**

The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees, and Double Terails in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

CATALOGUES POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

N.B.—Robert Heath Ltd. have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

To  
H.M. Queen  
Alexandra,  
H.M. the Queen  
of Norway.

**ROBERT HEATH**  
of Knightsbridge.



BY APPOINTMENT

ONLY ADDRESS:

**37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.**



## LATEST PARIS MODEL

HAVING had such success with our previous Dance Models we have evolved this delightful Frock, the graceful lines of which are becoming to all figures.

It is composed of RICH QUALITY SHOT CHIFFON TAFFETAS, forming a princess foundation with a draped overdress of the same material, caught in at the waist and finished with a flower, which with the poby on the shoulder completes a charming and distinguished Gown.

In JADE, PARMA, POWDER BLUE, PINK, and all evening shades, and Black.

Price

**59/6**

Postage 1 extra  
In Charmeuse, to order, 4½ Gns.

Please give length, shoulder to hem, and second choice of colour.

Remittance must accompany order.

Call and inspect the choice selection of colours which cannot possibly be illustrated.

**BRYCE & CO.,**  
17, Hanover St., London, W.1





# DERRY & TOMS

*Quality & Service*

Kensington High Street W.8

## The BLOUSE SALON

(on 1st floor)

is featuring the New Long Sleeved Jumper.

Grace of line, beautiful hand beading & embroidery are the chief characteristics.

The Jumper illustrated is in Silk Stockinette—front and back handsomely beaded with steel beads. The band below waist ties at each side, giving a becoming drooping effect. PRICE **35/6**

All kinds of latest MODELS IN  
**CORSETS**  
FOR  
HUNTING, RIDING,  
DANCING, DAY and  
EVENING WEAR.



All Corsets made to Measure and Bust Bodices a speciality.

TO BE SEEN AT  
**Madame BERTHE BARRÉIROS,**  
45, NEW BOND ST., W.1  
Telephone .. .. GERRARD 4382  
4, Rue des Capucines, PARIS.



*Designed & made by*  
**PÉRON**  
184-6, Regent St. W.1.  
*Telephone Gerrard 3293.*

# GOOCH'S

VOGUE & VALUE



F56.—Smart Black Glacé Promenade Shoe, Long shaped last, Louis XV heel, light hand-sewn soles. Price 52/6

As Shoe Specialists with a 70 years' reputation for fine hand-sewn work, Goochs confidently ask your inspection of their Spring Displays at moderate cost.

Unmatched for styles, colours, fittings, and VALUE.



F29.—Brown Calf Country Shoe, brogued. Square heel, stout welted soles, full medium toes. Price 45/-

**GOOCH'S**  
BROMPTON ROAD  
LONDON, S.W.3.

Tide Station:  
Knightsbridge.

'Phone:  
Kens. 5100.

## Harrods Feather-Wear for 1922

Apart from the exceptional beauty of the new Feather-wear models in Harrods 'Made Lace' Salon, their superb Quality makes them additionally worthy of an early visit.

RICH OSTRICH BOA (ML318) (as illustrated). Made from selected feather. Suitable for all occasions. In black, white, mole, navy and the new brown. Other colours dyed to order. 60 ins. long. **95/6**

DURABLE WRAP (ML321) (not illustrated), of clipped Ostrich Feather. Very light and warm. In black, natural, nigger, smoke, grey or white. 4 strands wide, 50 ins. long. **59/6**

HARRODS LTD

KNIGHTSBRIDGE

LONDON SW1

Harrods Book of Spring Fashions is now at press. Register your name for a copy.



## CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Our Children's Outfitting Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business, and has gained what we believe to be a well-deserved reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of its productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert, and the materials used are thoroughly practical and reliable.

PRETTY COAT (as sketch) for little girl, in grey with blue check fine quality suiting, the collar and cuffs of saxe blue taffeta, lined silk.

In size for 2 years.	Price	5 1/2 Gns.
" " " 3 "	"	6 "
" " " 4 "	"	6 1/2 "
" " " 5 "	"	7 "

This model can be copied to order in other suitable materials.

DAINTY HAT in drawn saxe taffeta, trimmed grey ribbon. Price 59/6

**Debenham & Freebody**  
(LONDON LIMITED)  
Wigmore Street.  
(Cavendish Square) London, W.1

Catalogue post free.

## NEW SPRING WAISTCOAT BLOUSE

WE have now in stock a large variety of new Waistcoat Blouses, copies of French Models, made in our own workrooms from materials of our well-known reliable quality.

We have now in stock a large variety of the NEW WAISTCOAT BLOUSE, copy of French model, composed of rich brocade and georgette in many beautiful colourings.

Price 84/-

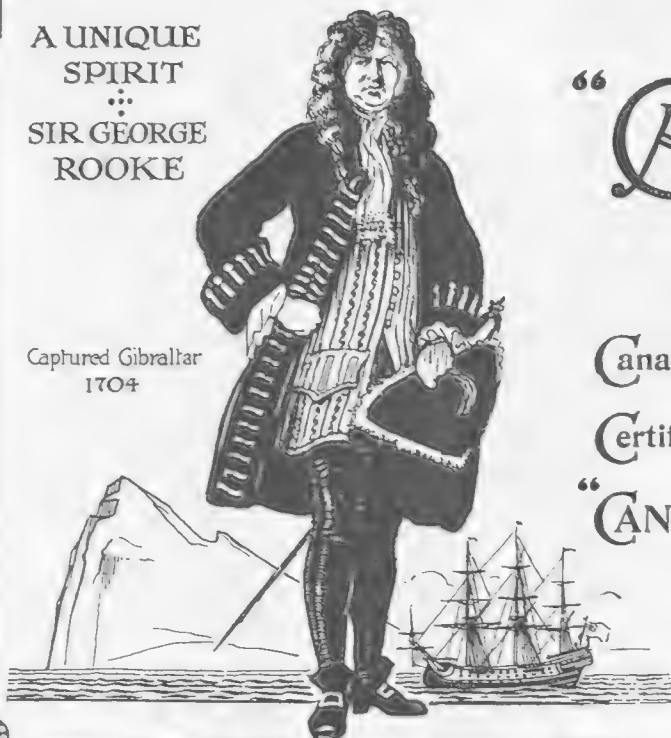
**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**  
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET  
LONDON W.1





A UNIQUE  
SPIRIT  
SIR GEORGE  
ROOKE

Captured Gibraltar  
1704



# "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

*Over Seven Years Old*

Canadian Government guarantee with every bottle,  
and —

Certificate of AGE over the Capsule.

"CANADIAN  
CLUB" for  
Cocktails.

*Write for our Booklet of 24 Recipes:*

HIRAM WALKER & SONS, LIMITED,  
WATERLOO HOUSE, HAYMARKET, S.W. 1.

## A Week in the Life of a "Decca."

- Monday. At home: in the evening orchestral music on the Decca.  
Tuesday. Visited a convalescent friend. Took the Decca—by request.  
Wednesday. At home. Visitors. A recital on the Decca—very much appreciated!  
Thursday. John brought home three new records. Heard each one twice. John delighted; said they sounded better on the Decca than on the big Cabinet at the Stores.  
Friday. Wet. Children couldn't go out, so had the Decca in the nursery. Happy the whole day long.  
Saturday. A few friends in for a dance. Decca—tucked away in the corner—provided the music. Everyone delighted.

AND EVEN SO, IT IS IN THE SUMMER THAT YOU GET THE GREATEST USE AND PLEASURE OUT OF THE DECCA.

# THE DECCA

## THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

—set the Fashion, established the Standard, and, because of its patented essentials, maintains its pre-eminence.

FULL, NATURAL TONE.  
CLEAR REPRODUCTION.  
READY INSTANTLY OPENED.  
VERY LIGHT AND COMPACT.

Model 1 (Leather Cloth)	... £5 10 0
Model 1a	... £6 10 0
Model 2 (Compressed Fibre)	... £7 15 0
Nursery Decca	
Model 3 (Solid Cowhide)	... £10 10 0
Model 4 (Brass Bound Teak)	

Of Music Dealers, Stores, etc.

"Decca" Book (illustrated) on request.

The Dulcephone Co., 32, Worship Street, London, E.C.2.

Proprietors: Barnett Samuel & Sons, Ltd. (Wholesale only.)



# VALUE



VERY HEAVY  
SOLID SILVER  
FULL SIZE  
AFTERNOON TEA SET

£5-17-6

Capacity 4 Pints

*Fattorini & Sons Ltd*  
*Highgate*  
*Braceford*

SEND FOR CATALOGUE  
WORKS · BIRMINGHAM

## GREAT PHYSICAL AND MENTAL INVIGORATOR



## MAINTAINS VITALITY

**Mr. Walter E. Manning**, the well-known Poet-Journalist, writes: "Since I commenced my journalistic career thirty-five years ago I have not had a day's really serious illness, and I have led a pretty strenuous life. I have passed safely through each recurrent Influenza epidemic, and I attribute the immunity I have enjoyed solely to my unwavering faith in that great Physical and Mental Invigorator, Phosferine, which I have never been without. Whenever my energy requires a little whipping up, a few doses of Phosferine act like a lash and never fail to give me the necessary impetus to do things and the power to concentrate. Only those who, like myself, take Phosferine regularly are able to appreciate its wonderful vitality-maintaining virtues."—

11, Chesterfield Grove, East Dulwich, S.E.22.

# PHOSFERINE

CURES AND PREVENTS

## NERVE WEAKNESS

AND RE-VITALISES THE WHOLE NERVE SYSTEM

The Greatest of all Tonics

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Maternity Weakness	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Influenza	Neuralgia	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.



## It Would Astonish You

to see the volume of spontaneous and unsolicited testimony we regularly receive, and often from most unexpected sources, regarding

## Ciro Pearls

The following typical notice, which appeared in a recent issue of "COMING FASHIONS," is all the more valuable as being an expression of opinion from a source which has the entrée to the best London shops and opportunities for comparison.

"'Nothing succeeds like success,' says the proverb, but it must be a genuine success, based on actual merit, or its life, although maybe a merry one, cannot fail to be a short one. In the case of **Ciro Pearls**, however, where the success has been absolutely sensational, both present and future popularity are positively assured. Pleasant experience has already proved that these wonderful reproductions of priceless Oriental gems have won their way to the front rank simply and solely on their merits. Seen side by side with the most costly jewels, the **Ciro Pearls** hold their own to so satisfactory an extent that even an expert has been deceived before now, carried away by the extraordinary fashion in which the colour, texture, weight, and iridescent sheen of the original pearls are materialised in the **Ciro** reproductions."

### OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of one guinea, we will send you a necklet of **Ciro Pearls** 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings or any other **Ciro Pearl** jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. **Ciro Pearl** necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 5 sent post free on application.

OUR ONLY  
ADDRESS IN  
GT. BRITAIN

**Ciro Pearls Ltd.**

39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 5

WE HAVE  
AGENTS OR  
FRANCHISES

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor,  
over Lloyds Bank, Near Piccadilly.



## GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

(Continued from page 482.)

"T. G." is the life and soul of most of the winter parties here, and his departure casts a gloom.

**V.W.H.** Fairford, where these hounds met on Saturday, (Cricklade). March 11, always attracts a big field. We met just outside Colonel Palmer's lovely place, Fairford Park. Captain Sidney Dennis had the misfortune to have an accident quite early in the day, his horse putting his foot into a hole and giving his rider what looked like a nasty spill.

It was quite a spring day, and after a long gallop many were glad to avail themselves of the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Scott at William Strip House, where drinks of all kinds were dispensed on the lawn just outside the house. It was a stone-wall country, and Mrs. Wheeler on her Grey Dawn seemed to have no fear of them. She and Mr. Miller were well up through the run, though we thought the latter's horse rather "rushed" these obstacles as if unaccustomed to them.

Mrs. Wengey-Jones was on her favourite chestnut, which used to belong to that good all-round sportsman, Captain Jersey de Knoop, the old Oxford Varsity oarsman. We wish Mr. John Adamthwaite were hunting this season. It does not seem right to see him on his feet. That man is one of the living best across a country, and knows every inch of the V.W.H.

**The Duke of Buccleuch's Hounds.** This week, sport has not been very good, scent having been poor; but Wednesday was fairly good. Hounds met at Stichel, Mr. Deuchar's place. It was one of the largest meets of the season. It marches with Berwickshire, and there was a large contingent from there, and rows of

cars. Among the Berwickshire ladies were Lady Edith Trotter, Mrs. Marrow, Miss Hyacinth Hunter, looking very smart; Miss Baird, General Baird's daughter, from Kelloe; Miss Menzies, Miss Ramsay, and many others. A fox was found at once in Stichel, and went away a great pace over three ploughed fields (which were pretty heavy going), straight on by Sweethope and round into Mellerstain, where they were for most of the day.

Saturday's meet was a long way off at Boughthaugh, beyond Hawick, and a good fifteen miles from the kennels. In the good days before the war there used to be a special train for these far-away places, but not now. However, it was a very fine day, and they had a good hill hunt; scent was good, and the hounds go a great pace on the fine old grass hills. There were not many out from the St. Boswells side, but quite a lot from about Hawick: Colonel Heron Maxwell and his daughter (on her good little mare), Major Mark Sprot, some of the Ushers, and a lot of the hill farmers who go so well in that country.

## FROM THE RIVIERA.

(Continued from page 473.)

no relation, as is so often supposed, but one of two daughters of a Mr. and Mrs. Baines of London.

**The General Rendezvous.**

Of course, the general rendezvous for every one is the Sporting Club, to which we all wend our way after dinner—and sometimes before, as well. It is easier to say who is *not* there than who is! Well, for one thing, Lady de Trafford you may always depend upon finding at one of the further tables, intent on chemin-de-fer—and invariably wearing long white kid gloves, in

which fashion she is practically unique, as gloves of any kind are scarcely ever worn, thank goodness! Adèle Countess of Essex often comes over from her villa, and looks interesting in a large hat with floating black lace veil; Lady Eva Wemyss is to be seen, too, and her various friends staying with her at her villa, including the very tall Mr. Montgomery. The Grand Duchess Anastasia occasionally comes in during the afternoon, and is still faithful to roulette. A very interesting visitor is the young Shah of Persia, who comes over from Nice. Clad in immaculate dinner-jacket (cut *à la française*!) one would never suspect his nationality or position, as he quite simply moves about, with two gentlemen in attendance. He has tried his hand at baccarat and roulette; his chief difficulty, apparently, is to understand the values of French money. I heard him inquire how many francs were forty louis! He always keeps on delicate grey suede gloves, and has a perfectly delightful smile—in fact, he is an engaging fellow.

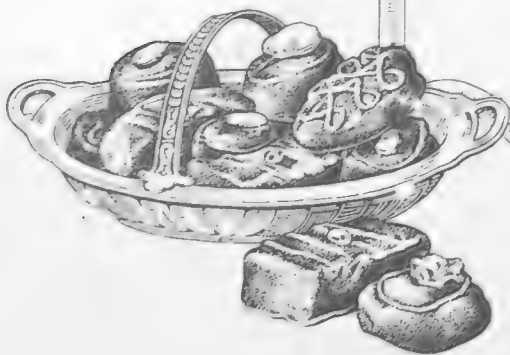
**The Dog Show.**

We have had a dog show which was very attractive; but can one understand organisers allowing prize-winners to parade *without their dogs*? This was a great disappointment, even though during the proceedings one had the joy (!) of hearing the crack, crack of the guns which announced that the poor pigeons were, as usual, being sacrificed.

The *Sphere* for March 25 will contain a special Gilbert and Sullivan opera section illustrating "Trial by Jury." All the pictures have just been taken for the *Sphere* at Princes Theatre.

# Maison Lyons Chocolates

MAISON LYONS  
CHOCOLATES ARE  
SOLD BY MOST  
HIGH-CLASS  
CONFECTIONERS,  
THEATRES  
AND CINEMAS  
THROUGHOUT  
THE COUNTRY.



THE connoisseur unhesitatingly gives Maison Lyons Chocolates pride of place. They have secured their favour with the lover of really good chocolates by the velvety smoothness of their covering, the attractive variety of their centres and the daintiness of their decorations. They are sold in the salons at the Maison Lyons, 370, Oxford Street; the Corner House, Coventry Street; the Strand Corner House, and the Maison Lyons, Shaftesbury Avenue and 211, Regent Street.

4/- lb.

The "RED SEAL" series—a new assortment of specially selected chocolates in daintily ribboned boxes. Three series—assorted, hard centres, soft centres. Large Box, 5/-. Smaller Box, 2/6

When discussing the Annual Dinner of your Society or Regiment, remember that at the Trocadero each detail, from the floral decorations to the service, is in the hands of an expert; the result is a ménage which is a surprise even to the most discerning.



J. Lyons & Co. Ltd.  
London. W.



## The Austin Twenty

THE "Grosvenor" Limousine is a car which does credit to the discrimination of its owner. Harmonious in line, it offers the fullest amount of comfort with distinction in appearance. Windows are fitted to the driver's compartment, and a bow window between this and the rear part of the car can be lowered when the owner is at the wheel, making a saloon entirely enclosed. The car is upholstered in antique leather, or Bedford Cloth to match the finish chosen by the purchaser. The wide doors, mounted on outrigger hinges, make access to the vehicle very easy, and are a feature in the appearance of the car. Like the Landaulet, the body is specially sprung, and the powerful engine of the well-proved "Austin Twenty" chassis makes the car suitable for long-distance travelling, as well as social engagements.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD.  
BIRMINGHAM LONDON MANCHESTER



"Grosvenor"  
Limousine  
£1,145  
(at works)



## A LAND OF BEWILDERING INCONGRUITIES.

By the Author of "The Peregrinations of an Officer's Wife."

Bones and Beauty.

"Ah! A view of a truly panoramic type."

The distinguished Minister who made this impressive statement was right. But, not being a statesman, or even the wife of one, and therefore unaccustomed to public speaking, I merely remarked, "What a glorious view!"

Ancient Egypt lay behind me in the form of Pyramids finished and unfinished, excavations equally unfinished, with neat little piles of bones and masses of broken pottery. "Rived treasures of unnumbered years leave pitiful the tombs of kings."

And to me these opened tombs are



ENGAGED TO CAPT. GUY DRAKE-BROCKMAN, D.S.O.: MISS MOYRA DOMINICK BROWNE.

Miss Moyra Dominick Browne, whose engagement to Capt. G. Drake-Brockman, of Buchborough Twyford, near Winchester, has been announced, is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Dominick Browne, of Broughwry, Castlebar, Co. Mayo.—[Photo. G. C. Beresford.]

rather pitiful. Their late occupants had been so carefully put away, so neatly packed up. And twice, perhaps oftener—first in a hunt for treasure, and now in an equally feverish hunt for knowledge—they have been rudely disturbed.

But the view! Ah, that I could appreciate! In front of me, and to the right and left, a vista of desert, yellow in the sunshine, purple in the shadow. Beyond the desert a wide belt of green, marking the line of the autumn inundation. Beyond the green cultivated area, belts of feathery palm-trees and glimpses of the Nile. And in the far distance, the deep blue of the Mokattam Hills. Helouan, the Citadel of Cairo, the Pyramids of Men—were all visible from where I stood.

I like Pyramids, when they are far enough away; I like views better than temples and tombs. And bones, however ancient, and whether Egyptian or Roman, have little or no attraction for me.

Not so for my small daughter. The horses were tired, and we rode home quietly and in silence across the desert in the crimson glow of the sunset. Not being a poet, I cannot begin to describe the wonders of that sky.

Suddenly a loud voice remarked, "I got a beautiful bone, with real hair on it, but the hair has got rubbed off in my pocket." There is no accounting for tastes, but, if that bone is to wander about the world with us, I think I am glad it is bald. A few days later, when I stood in awed silence before the Sphinx, utterly unable to find one word to describe the extraordinary impression it made upon me, the same cheerful voice broke the silence: "How clean its ears are!" Hateful child! They were clean. Made of rather lighter stone than the rest, they did look clean. But the romance and mystery of the Sphinx is spoiled to me for ever.



ENGAGED TO MR. C. DOUGLAS-PENNANT: MISS PEGGIE GOSCHEN.

Miss Peggie Goschen, who is engaged to Mr. Claud Douglas-Pennant, of the Inner Temple, second son of the late Colonel the Hon. Archibald Douglas-Pennant and the Hon. Mrs. Archibald Douglas-Pennant, is the only daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Goschen, of Durrington House, Harlow, Essex.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

## A Good-Tempered Country.

Egypt is such a cheerful country; the inhabitants are so good-tempered and pleasant. They have their little lapses, of course, when they show leanings towards a desire for independence, and the younger generation shows us what good shots they are with stones. But they appear to recover quickly, and all is peaceful till next time. They are easily amused, and so am I.

Even the flat we live in affords me constant amusement, though I am not alone in that respect. It is one of a block of flats universally known as "The Abode of Love." No one knows them by any other name; letters come by post addressed thus. There is a smaller mansion next door, known as "The Junior Abode of Love." They are square, two-

[Continued overleaf.]

# Ruston-Hornsby

The Car of Quality & Value

## The Convenient Car

AMONG the many attractive features of the Ruston-Hornsby car are its wonderful roominess, its adjustable front seats, and extra long springs. It is the car of comfort, convenience, and absolute dependability. Make an appointment for a trial run.

For Illustrated Specification write to the Sole Concessionaires:—

**C. B. WARDMAN & Company, Ltd.,**  
122, Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.1.

Telephone: Langham 1530-1  
Telegrams: "Rusorncy, Wesdo, London."

Name and address of nearest agent will be sent on application.

### PRICES

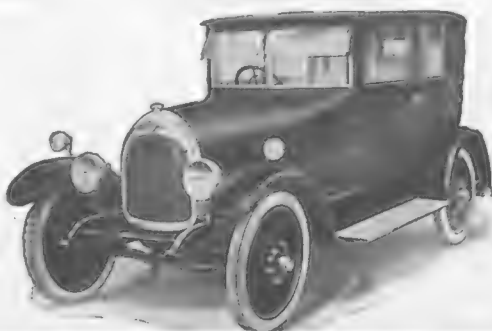
16-20 H.P.	
Two-Seater	£585
Five-Seater	£585
All-Weather Saloon	£850
Landauette	£870
20-25 H.P.	
Two-Seater	£650
Five-Seater	£650
All-Weather Saloon	£925
Landauette	£975

### 16-20 H.P.

#### All-weather Model

to seat five. With frameless windows, patent window regulators. The head and upholstery are of the best quality leather. The construction of this model eliminates all possibility of rattling.

Manufactured by  
RUSTON & HORNSBY, LTD.  
OF LINCOLN.



St. James's 72



"One of England's finest Cars, the Sunbeam stands out from other models by reason of its clean design, attractive lines, and silent power on the road."

"SCOTSMAN"  
Jan. 25th. 1922.

## THE SUPREME SUNBEAM

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LTD.  
HEAD OFFICE: MOORFIELD WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON.

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Manchester Showrooms ... 106, DEANS GATE,  
Export Dept. 12, PRINCES ST., HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1  
and at NEW YORK.

SUNBEAM - COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES 100 - 900 h.p.





A CUT of cold beef that melts in the mouth, crisp green salad, baked potatoes, piping hot, with butter—and a long glass of foaming—

# Barclay's London Lager

TRY A BOTTLE TO-DAY

Brewed by Barclay, Perkins & Co., Ltd., Southwark Street, S.E.1



## Nature Our Chief Competitor

NATURE, the first pearl-maker, and Técla, the second, employing different processes but achieving the same results, have the distinction of being competitors.

Our only complaint is that Técla Pearls are such indistinguishable copies of Orientals that nature gets a lot of credit that belongs to us!

TECLA PEARL NECKLACES  
with genuine Diamond Clasps, from 10 guineas.

## Técla

7 Old Bond Street, London

10 Rue de la Paix, Paris

16 Avenue de Verdun, Nice 398 Fifth Avenue, New York

storeyed buildings, and, unless one looks up, there is nothing to justify their romantic name or to excite comment. But around each house there is a dado of corpulent Cupids, each one some three feet high. They are the relics, it is said, from the sale of a bankrupt music-hall or *palais de danse*. Hand in hand, or linked together by a garland of roses, they stand, their only garment a thin piece of wire round each fat waist. This wire fastens them—securely, I trust—to the walls. During the recent heavy rains, when half the houses in Cairo did fall down, our Cupids gave me some anxious moments. But all are well at present.

#### Tethering the Furniture.

Another peculiarity of our flat is the sloping floors. During a tea-party everyone is apt to meet gradually in the middle of the room. When a guest arrives, he or she advances towards me with a little run, while I walk slowly uphill to greet them. The furniture, too, is inclined to leave the walls and slide out into the middle of the room; and my wardrobe has over-balanced and fallen over twice. The first time it fell on me, and pinned me securely to the bed; the second time my small, round French maid was the victim. It is now fastened by a stout rope to a large hook on the wall, and if anything more topples over it will have to be

treated in the same way. I have never before lived in a house where the furniture had to be tied to the walls; but then, I have never before soldiered in Egypt, and one learns something new in every country.

Another thing I have learned here is not to pick up horse-shoes. The first day I merely thought how lucky I was to find two. The second day I took home four. I now content myself with throwing them over my shoulder and wishing. I am told that horse-

#### A Shadow Across the Sunshine.

Daily I stand amazed at the most extraordinary incongruities of this bewildering country. After having my hair perfectly waved and shampooed, a few minutes later in the native bazaar I am offered little horse-hair plaits, described by my self-appointed guide as "extra hair for ladies." A few yards further on, having cast an unwary eye on a glass jar of leeches displayed in a native booth, the owner rushes out and offers them to me as "worms for sick peoples."

And daily it becomes harder to realise the part played in the war by this land of gaiety and sunshine. It was from Egypt that those wonderful Australians and New Zealanders and our own glorious Divisions set out on what was to so many their last great adventure. It was to Egypt that the wounded, the sick, and the dying returned. So when one remembers (which is not often), a little shadow comes across the sunshine, and for a moment—only a brief moment, for are there not a thousand more amusing things to do?—one

thinks of the men who lie beneath the golden desert sands, who knew not Egypt as we know it, but who know many other things—now.

"And only thus, by sacrifice, might they secure a world worth living in—for you."



TO MARRY CAPT. G. E. FENWICK: MISS OLIVE FARMER.



ENGAGED TO MR. R. W. GANDAR DOWER: MISS JOAN WARNER.



ENGAGED TO MR. E. F. GRIFFITH: MISS MARY LEIGH TRAFFORD.

The marriage of Capt. G. E. Fenwick, 5th Fusiliers, and Miss Olive Farmer, is fixed to take place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on March 25. Miss Farmer is the elder daughter of Mr. Charles Farmer. Miss Joan Warner is the eldest daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. W. W. Warner, of 56, Onslow Gardens. She is engaged to Mr. R. W. Gandar Dower, eldest surviving son of the late Mr. J. W. Gandar Dower and of Mrs. Gandar Dower. Miss Mary Leigh Trafford is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Trafford, of Withnoe, Guildford. Her engagement to Mr. Edward Fyfe Griffith, youngest son of the late Mr. E. F. G. Griffith and of Mrs. Griffith, has been announced.

Photographs by Claude Harris, Lafayette, and H. Walter Barnett.

shoes in this country are only pinned on to the horses' feet; and, judging from the numbers they lose, my informant must be correct. I hope I get all my wishes; I shall want for nothing in this world, if I do.



### Tweed for Comfort

WARM days and cool evenings are the accompaniment of Easter. A light Overcoat that can conveniently be carried is required—one you can slip on when days turn showery, or towards evening. Scotch Tweed is very popular, because of its comfort. Its soft, loosely-woven fabric makes it particularly suitable for light, loose overcoats. Its first cost, too, is low. The style of overcoat most in demand this Easter is the "Raglan" or "Cecil," depicted above. Call to-day at either of our branches, and see our splendid selection of ready-for-wear light overcoats.

**E. MAXIM & SON,**

Note our two London Houses

14, George Street, Hanover Square, W.1.  
141 & 142, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3.



There's quality in every tin of "Nugget"

THE high quality of 'Nugget' Boot Polish is consistent. The elaborate mixing machinery of the 'Nugget' factories and the scientific methods adopted ensure that each individual tin receives its correct proportion of the different ingredients.

**"NUGGET"**  
BOOT POLISH

Sold everywhere in the new easy-to-open tins at 4d. and 6d. Made in Black, Brown (Tan), Dark Brown and Toney Red. Also in White for patent leather.



## Nature's Prescription for your Complexion

Real skin beauty is only attainable by natural means. To build up healthy tissue which is the basis of a naturally beautiful complexion, ladies should regularly drink BARLEY WATER made from

# Robinson's "PATENT" Barley

(in powder form)

according to the undermentioned recipe.

### RECIPE

by a Famous Chef (Mr H. HAMMOND, M.C.A., Chef de Cuisine, Thatched House Club).—Put the outside peel of two lemons into two quarts of water, add eight lumps of sugar and boil for ten minutes. To this add two dessert-spoonfuls of ROBINSON'S "Patent" BARLEY, previously mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Continue to boil for five minutes and allow to cool. When cold, strain off through fine muslin and add ice and lemon juice to taste.

J. & J. COLMAN, LTD., LONDON & NORWICH (with which is incorporated KEEN, ROBINSON & Co., Ltd., London).

## FASCINATING FREESIA.



# Yardley's Perfume of Freesia

An exquisite Flower Fragrance of supreme beauty. It adds to the Toilet a note of refinement and elegance.

PRICES: Perfume, 3/-, 8/6, 11/6, 17/6 per bottle. Powder, 3/3 per box. Bath Salt Tablets, 3/- per box of one dozen.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores, and from

**YARDLEY & Co., Ltd.,**  
8, New Bond Street, London, W.1.



By Appointment.



## They Have Found A better way to clean teeth

Dental science has found a better way to clean teeth. Modern authorities approve it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. Millions of people already employ it.

A ten-day test is offered to anyone who asks. Get it and see the delightful effects. Learn what this new way means.

### Combats the film

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and remains. The tooth brush, used in old ways, does not end it. So nearly everyone has it more or less.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

### New-day methods

After diligent research, methods have been found to fight film. Careful tests have amply proved them. Now they are being very widely adopted, largely by dental advice.

The methods are embodied in a

dentifrice called Pepsodent. They can thus be twice daily applied. And to millions they are bringing a new dental era.

### Important effects

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It also aids Nature in three ways which faulty diet makes essential.

It stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which may cause tooth decay.

These things should be daily done for better tooth protection.

### See the benefits

Send the coupon for a 10-day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

Judge then by what you see and feel and know. Decide if the people in your home should brush teeth in this way. Cut out coupon now.

# Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, the application of which brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

South African distributors: Ferrindler, Ltd., P.O. Box 6824, Johannesburg, to whom S.A. residents may send coupon.

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
(Dept. 128) 40, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name.....  
Address.....

Give full address. Write plainly. Send  
Only one tube to a family. 22/3/22



## CITY NOTES.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

HE picked up the tape and let the paper run idly through his fingers. Noted the last of the War Loan and Mexican Eagles. Couldn't find the price of Dunlops—it happened to have been impaled on the green baize board a few minutes earlier.

"That's an ingenious instrument," said he to the boy standing by with a bundle of P.L.M. scrip in his hand.

"Yes, Sir. I can't understand it myself," and he peered into the complicated arrangement of wheels and other machinery. "I've heard our fellows say that it is all worked by one man in the Stock Exchange, who sits at a kind of typewriter. As he hits the keys, so we get the figures on the tape."

"I wonder who supplies him with the prices," said Our Stroller.

"Can't say, Sir, but I've often heard people swear at them for being wrong. Yet I suppose the prices must be given by the members of the House. Wouldn't you think so, too, Sir?"

"I should have taken that for granted," replied Our Stroller.

"Perhaps the men in the House don't always know the prices," the lad suggested. "Those men, I mean, who hand out the prices that are sent over the tape. Excuse me, Sir," and he stooped to pick up a piece of scrip that had fallen between Our Stroller's feet.

"P.L.M., I see," said our friend.

"Yes, Sir. We have been buying a lot lately, and the governor let me have a hundred pounds for myself at par. Decent of him, wasn't it? I could have taken five pounds profit, but I'm saving up for a

bike at Easter, and the governor says I shall get seven or eight pounds premium. Here he comes, Sir."

"Jolly dangerous to let a kid like that run about with handfuls of bearer scrip, don't you think?"

The broker said, rather carelessly, that he supposed it was. "We all do it, though."

"Doesn't seem to me any too safe," Our Stroller commented. "But I suppose you know your own business best."

"Some of our clients don't think so," was the calm retort. "Still, I'm always pleased to see you, as you know."

Our Stroller decided to await a better opportunity. "You're busier, I see by the papers," he side-tracked.

"Well, we are, in a way. It's like this. Trade is awfully quiet throughout the country, so people can't use money in extending their premises, re-building, or launching out into other directions."

"And they only get 2½ per cent. from the banks."

"That's it. The money comes to the House; goes into really good stuff, and—stays there. So, after you've done the first order, it's all over, because people won't sell, even when they can take good profits."

"I suppose they don't know what to do with the money, if they do sell?"

"That's the trouble. Wherefore, it's all investment just now. Look at the rush there was for Peter Robinson 7 per cent. Preference, for instance."

"Well, the shares are a good investment."

"Certainly they are. Some of the customers applied for more shares than they wanted, and their sales kept the premium down at the outset. But you couldn't call Peter Robinson Sevens dear at twenty-one shillings."

"It makes you look at some of the other drapery companies to see if there are cheap shares in their cases, too."

"Drapery shops use their cases for—"

"Sorry; but I came to talk shop," and Our Stroller mentally noted that this made them all square.

The broker laughed cheerily. "That's your hole," he admitted. "But it does pay to look at some of these things. The Stock Exchange revival and the huge rise in gilt-edged stocks are bound to react upon home trade. I can see thousands of women making up their minds that they'll be fully justified in buying pretty frocks, and new hats, and embroidered—"

"Fully justified?"

"My dear old owl, when prices of investment stocks and shares are depressed, you can't expect men and women to buy anything except indispensables—"

"Embroidered?" asked Our Stroller.

"But as soon as your stocks go up like we've seen them doing lately, you say—and your wife and daughter say—'Now, let's see: there's that dinky little—'"

"Embroidery?"

"You run a jest to death," his broker reproached him. "However, with all the trouble that there is in the world at large, I think it's marvellous for our markets to keep so good."

"Surely it is the very fact of the trouble elsewhere which makes us, the public, seek out the safe investment stocks and shares. Why, what the Dickens and Jones—" He stared at a venerable-looking lady who had just entered the office.

"One of my best clients," explained the broker hurriedly. "Just do me a turn, and clear out, as you love me, before you can say Peter Robinson!"

Friday, March 17, 1922.

The Champagne that  
bears the Active  
Service Chevron Label

**DELBECK**

VINTAGE  
1911

Extra Sec.

Obtainable from  
all Wine Mer-  
chants, Hotels  
& Restaurants

DELBECK et C<sup>ie</sup>  
Fournisseurs  
de l'Ancienne  
Cour de France

Established 1832  
at REIMS, France



## NOT ELECTROLYSYS NOT A DEPILATORY

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR and follicle permanently and painlessly destroyed by an ENTIRELY NEW METHOD. ANY HAIR GROWTH can be treated by us without trace or pain.

A MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY.

Consultations free.

A permanent cure guaranteed.

HELEN CRAIG, THE SOLRAY CO., 15, Hanover St., Regent St., W.

FRANCE OFFERS US THE PRODUCE  
OF HER CHOICEST VINEYARDS.



THE FINEST  
SPARKLING WINE  
PROCURABLE.

LOOK FOR THE GUINEA TRADE MARK.  
IT IS THE HALL MARK OF QUALITY.

## THE HANDICAP OF BALDNESS.

You cannot afford to look old!

Bond's Toupés have a world-wide reputation. Perfectly designed. Undetectable. An aid to success. Chills and Neuralgia prevented.

Call and see for yourself the remarkable improvement.

Booklet Post Free.

Prices of Toupés from 3 Guineas.

For Semi-Baldness from 5 Guineas.

Complete Wigs from 7 Guineas.



**C. BOND & SON,** 64-66, DUKE ST., GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1  
(5 doors from Oxford St.) Opposite Selfridges.  
Headquarters for Gentlemen's Toupés and Complete Wigs. Telephone: "1549 Mayfair."

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TWEEDS for  
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Breeches, etc.

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## High-Grade Exclusive and FASHIONABLE SHOES

At Exceptionally Low Prices.



One Bar Brogue Golf Shoe (as sketch). White, grey and nigger suede. Brown Willow Calf & Black Box Calf.

59/6



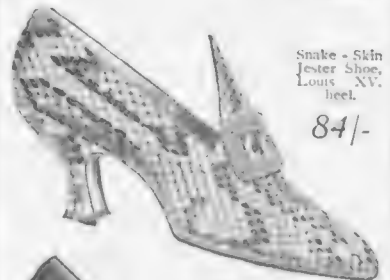
Nigger Glace Kid and Patent Golf Shoe, L. XV heel.

49/6



Smart Patent Lace Shoe, L. XV heel, pointed toe (as sketch), also in nigger, grey and white suede.

49/6



Snake - Skin Jester Shoe, Louis XV. heel.

84/-



Ladies' white, grey, brown or black suede Crownwell Shoe (as sketch) smart long front trim med fancy slide.

29/6

Also in Patent or Calf



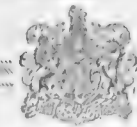
Ladies' brown, black, white and grey Suede Lace Shoes, Cuban leather heel (hand-sewn), every pair guaranteed.

29/6

Sizes and half-sizes.

**MARSHALL & SNELGROVE**

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET LONDON W.1



By Appointment

# GORRINGES



By Appointment

## Inexpensive Blouse-Dress Designs for Spring.

These four practical Garments are typical in point of smartness of design and economical price, of the splendid selection now being shown in Gorrings' Blouse-dress Department.



K. 81

K. 81. Smart Afternoon BLOUSE-DRESS in rich quality Crêpe-de-Chine, embroidered in silk of contrasting colour on the bodice and on the long draping at the sides, cut on particularly becoming lines to suit all figures. Can be had in a large variety of colours, including Black, Navy, Nigger, Kingfisher, Mole or Grey ..

5 Gns.

K. 86

K. 86. Very charming is this smart Afternoon BLOUSE-DRESS fashioned in Foulard and Satin and lined throughout with Jap Silk. Dainty collar of tucked Georgette. Black, Navy, Nigger, Saxe or Grey ..

6 Gns.

Outside 6½ Gns.

Post Orders should be accompanied by remittance or usual trade reference.

Catalogue of New Spring Designs in Blouse-Dresses, Blouses and Jumpers now ready—post free.



K. 77

K. 77: A simple BLOUSE DRESS for Early Spring, in fine quality serge and cut on the newest lines with long waist. The skirt is arranged with deep pleats at the sides, bound with braid and finished with hand embroidered dots, Vest and Cuffs of Crêpe-de-Chine. In Black, Navy or Nigger

Gorrings pay carriage on these Blouse-Dresses in the United Kingdom

K. 94

K. 94. Made in Striped Silk of a fabric which can be thoroughly recommended for its washing and wearing qualities, the BLOUSE-DRESS sketched is a really practical garment for country and all sports wear. Long collar and rever and dainty turn-back cuffs. A large variety of stripes in the newest colours

59/6

FREDERICK GORRINGE Ltd., Buckingham Palace Rd., LONDON, S.W.1



## A Worth's Corset Belt

There is a simple beauty about Worth's Model No. 677, together with its comfortable support to the figure and flowing lines, that will secure for it the instant approval of the wearer. This corset belt, in loosely woven elastic, has no steels or any description, and it laces at the back as shown in the illustration. As easy to put on as a stocking. In both White and Rose. Depth 15 ins. In sizes 21-26

19/11

Write for our art folder, "Examples of Modern Corsets," a beautiful illustrated brochure—post free, together with name of nearest agent.

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Collars, Handkerchiefs, Tea Cloths, Edgings, Motifs, D'oyleys, Yard Laces and Insertions, etc. Handsewn Lingerie and Blouses of beautiful design and workmanship.

Illustrations free.

Mrs. Armstrong's, Lace Makers, Olney, Bucks.

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Filter Cylinder

SARDINIA HOUSE KINGSWAY LONDON W.C.2

**FILTER**



**NEW  
ATTRACTIVE  
TEAGOWNS**

THE value of these new Teagowns is quite exceptional. They are made from really high-grade materials by our own skilled workers and they follow the lines of the latest trend of fashion as expressed in the French Models.

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**"VERA."**  
Artistic REST GOWN in rich quality Satin Charmant, new draped sleeves and side gaugings with small inset vest of metal which allows for the front fastening, most useful as a maternity or boudoir gown. In a beautiful range of colours and black.

Price **7½ Gns.**

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*Sent on approval.*

*Harvey Nichols*  
*of Knightsbridge*

**New  
Evening Gown  
in Heavy-weight  
Georgette**



Evening Gown in heavy-weight Georgette, cut with the new high back, the front draped in one piece and forming a graceful pointed train on one side, the long-waisted back finished with beaded ornament and fringe. In several good colours.

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SUITING SERGE.**

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50 ins. wide. Per yard

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**MODEL 9177**  
Average figures. Dainty soft finished, silk broche, cut away front. Most comfortable corset. Six brass supporters. In white and pink. **39/11**  
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Sports Model with all-elastic top for average figures. In fancy pink brocade. Special cut price. Extra strong material. Four suspenders. Really wonderful value. **21/9**  
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*"For contemplation he and valour formed,  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace."*—MILTON

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*Rust Proof*  
**Corsets**

GUARANTEED NOT TO RUST BREAK OR TEAR

are supplied in an unequalled range of choice that enables every girl and woman to look her best always.

**THE WARNER NEW SPRING-STYLES** have been specially designed in direct consultation with the World's leading Modistes, to ensure with comfort to every figure the graceful, long-waisted effect decreed for the coming Season's Fashions.

Range of 120 different Models at prices from **6/11 to 4 Gns.**

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**OF ALL HOUSES OF PRESTIGE**

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**MODEL 904**  
Semi-rubber - top corset for average figures. Medium skirt, boning light but adequate. Sizes 20-28. In white and pink brocade **10/11**



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Ranee Pearls  
with effective  
Jewelled Clasp,  
(emerald, pearl,  
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'A' QUALITY  
Length 16 inches

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24 inches ... 5 Gns  
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All genuine Ranee  
Pearls bear the  
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Ranee  
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FOR all that even an expert can detect,  
Ranee Pearls, in wear, are REAL pearls.  
So perfect is their limpid loveliness, so  
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even when placed alongside genuine pearls.  
Harrods will gladly send a selection of  
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Obtainable only from the Fancy Jewellery Section at  
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Our Corset Department offers quite exceptional advantage to customers. It is under the control of a clever corsetière, who personally designs every pair of corsets offered for sale. The result is that ladies are able to buy inexpensive corsets made upon the most scientific principles from thoroughly reliable materials. We have a wonderful stock of lace, broderie anglaise, silk, tricot and ribbon Corsets. We are also specialists in Children's Corsets, Riding Corsets, as well as for all kinds of sports.

LE CORSET JEANNE (as sketch), made of brocaded batiste, very low at bust, medium length over hips, buttoning each side of front, two pairs of suspenders.

PRICE  
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CORSELET (as sketch), made of Irish crochet lace and insertion, lined with fine net, finished ribbon shoulder straps.

PRICE  
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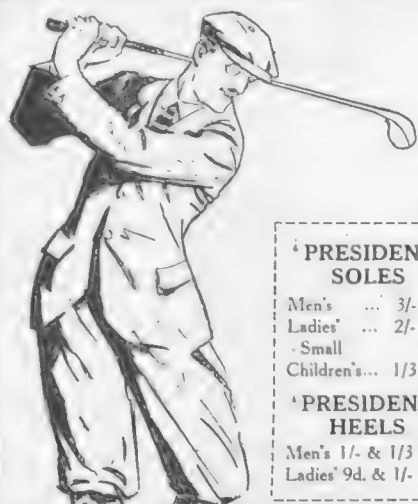
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Mr. Smart and Miss Neat on the links are wearing ordinary walking shoes fitted with Phillips 'PRESIDENT' light rubber soles. 'Presidents' are most comfortable for walking, keep out the damp, and give excellent grip on turf. Ideal for Town wear.

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Men's ... 3/- pair  
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Men's 1/- & 1/3 pair  
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'PRESIDENT' Light and Invisible.



**"Take a peg  
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PROPRIETORS OF THE

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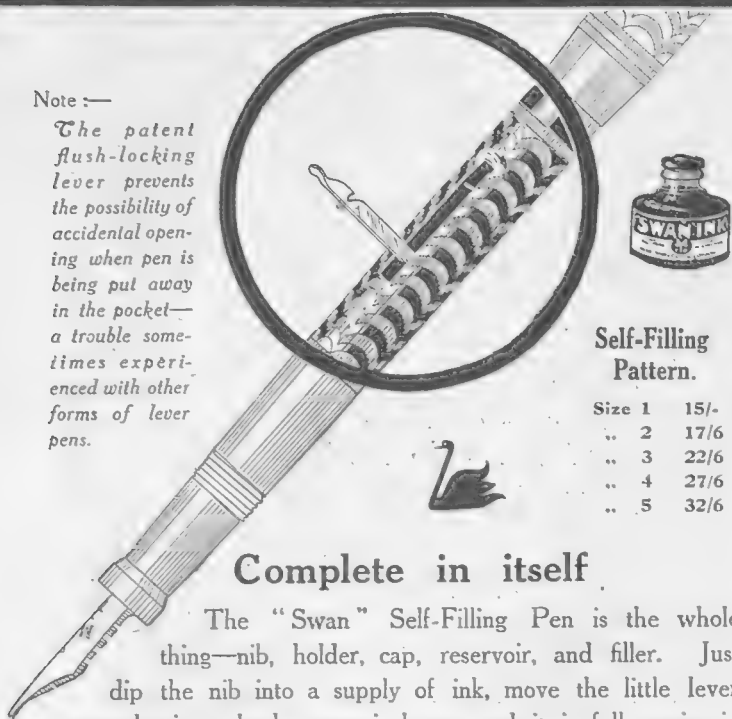
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BY  
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Note:—

The patent flush-locking lever prevents the possibility of accidental opening when pen is being put away in the pocket—a trouble sometimes experienced with other forms of lever pens.



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Size 1	15/-
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## Complete in itself

The "Swan" Self-Filling Pen is the whole thing—nib, holder, cap, reservoir, and filler. Just dip the nib into a supply of ink, move the little lever once, let it go back, press it home, and it is full—easier in the doing than the telling.

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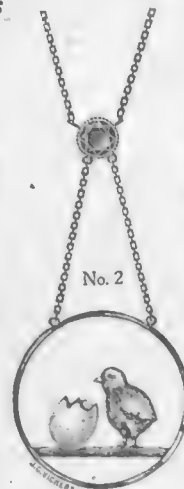
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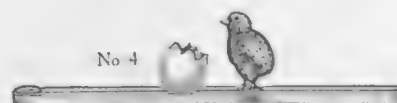
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No. 3

Easter  
Chick  
Jewellery

Easter  
Chick  
Jewellery

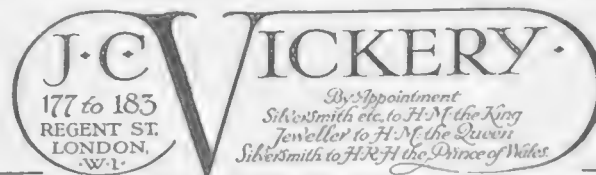


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No. 1. Circle Brooch, 65/- No. 2. Necklet and Pendant, set Aquamarine, £5 5 0 No. 3. Pendant, 63/- No. 4. Bar Brooch, 67/6

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Charming Nightdress made by our own workers in superfine Silk Voile, with dainty new shape collar, fullness drawn in to little gaugings at sides by ribbon ties. Collar and sleeves finished with tiny kiltings of own material. In Pink, Sky, Mauve, Lemon, Ivory, and Black.

35/9

Boudoir Cap of Crêpe-de-Chine, finished ribbon and flowers.

27/6

These garments will be found in our Lingerie Salon on the 1st Floor.

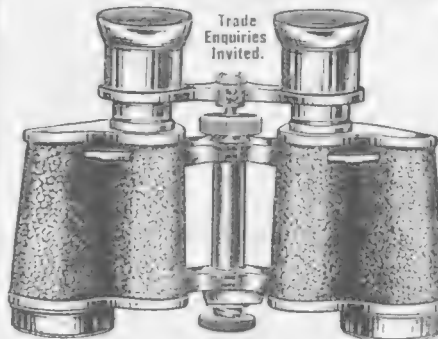
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Wonderful Bargains at less than Makers' Prices.

£4 : 19 : 6



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SAILINGS:  
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CORNS, CALLOUSES, BLISTERS.  
Aching, Soreness, Swelling, Tenderness.

If you have these in any form and think there is the slightest excuse for continuing to suffer—Just read what the following users of

## REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

say about the only quick, positive, and never-failing cure for sore, tired, tender feet that ache, burn, smart, swell, itch, and develop corns, bunions, callouses, chilblains, or other forms of foot misery. Also you can stop any rheumatic pains within ten minutes.

### PROMINENT USERS—SERIES X. ON THE STAGE.



Sir Harry Lauder, the famous Scottish Actor, writes: "Hearing Reudel Bath Saltrates mentioned as being a likely comfort for the boys in the trenches, and knowing from personal experience that it is excellent, I sent out several packages, which were much appreciated."

*Harry Lauder*

Miss Violet Loraine, the famous English Actress, writes:—"Your Saltrates are really wonderful. A little Reudel Bath Saltrates added to the daily bath has a remarkable effect upon one's muscles, bracing them up and giving tone to the entire system."



*Violet Loraine*



Mr. George Robey, the inimitable Comedian, writes:—"I needed these Saltrates long before commencing to use them. Oh! How can I tell you my feelings in those days? Now I have no more tired feet or muscular strains. Do I still travel to Continental Spas? No, NO—n'n' NO; I take my cure at home."

*George Robey*

Miss Lee White, the great American Actress, writes:—"Unless you take proper care of your feet you cannot be either graceful or comfortable. After walking or dancing, a foot bath, to which a little Reudel Bath Saltrates has been added, removes all feeling of tiredness from the feet, and makes one feel completely rested."



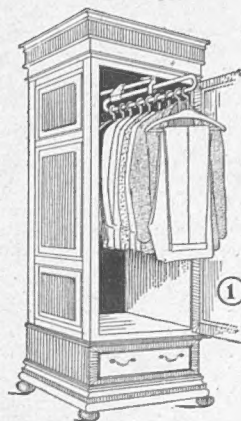
*Lee White*

Amongst other theatrical stars of the first magnitude who use and highly recommend Reudel Bath Saltrates are Phyllis Monkman, Maudie Scott, Harry Pilcer, Yvonne Arnaud, Hetty King, Jock Mackay, Daisy Dormer, May Moore Duprez.

The Reudel Bath Saltrates compound exactly reproduces the highly medicated and oxygenated waters of celebrated curative springs. Prices: 2/- and 3/3 (double size). Obtainable from all chemists everywhere, who are authorised to refund your money in full and without question if you are not satisfied with results.

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# Watts's Patent Wardrobe

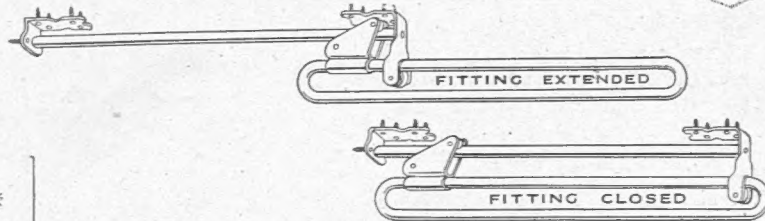
## Fitting trebles the capacity of your Wardrobe

An ingenious contrivance which puts order into the wardrobe. Made throughout of heavily nickel-plated steel. The bottom portion slides on roller bearings and extends OUTSIDE the wardrobe. Clothes are kept in perfect form on hangers which are hooked on this sliding portion. At a touch they are brought right OUT of the wardrobe, thus making it easy to select the garment required.

Fig. 1.—Illustrating its suitability for small wardrobes

Fig. 2.—Showing how two or more Watts's Fittings can be fixed side by side in large wardrobes.

Fig. 3.—A Watts's Fitting under a shelf converts a corner or alcove into an up-to-date and inexpensive wardrobe.



Easy to fix—nothing to go wrong. Suitable for Ladies' or Gentlemen's clothing. Various sizes, from 10 to 20 inches (when closed). When ordering, state INSIDE back-to-front wardrobe measurement. Send for descriptive list to Dept. "E"

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Established over 150 Years.

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Carriage, Paid in the United Kingdom.

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## GERBERA



Brings the true fragrance of a Summer Garden to your toilet table.

Perfume - - 8/- per bottle  
Powder - - 3/11 per box  
Soap - - - 2/3 per tablet

Of all Perfumers, Chemists, Drapers and Stores.

**L.T. PIVER PARIS**



LT.-COL. RICHARDSON'S AIREDALES  
Specially Trained for Protection against BURGLARS, For LADIES' GUARDS, Etc., from 10 Gns., Pups 7 Gns. Wormley Hill, Broomfield, Herts.

Tel: 59 Broomfield. 30 mins. from Liverpool St., G.E.R.

SUIT, 50/-; OVERCOAT, 40/-; LADY'S COSTUME, 55/-;  
**TURNED**  
and guaranteed "Just Like New" by the Original and Leading Turn-clothes Tailors. Send along at once. Carriage Paid one way. WALTER CURRALL & Co., 6, Broadway, Ludgate Hill (Please mention The Sketch.) Phone: Central 1816.

The surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, ordinary Colds and Asthmatic troubles.

**HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE**

The standard remedy for over 50 years.

AT ALL CHEMISTS

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Delightfully light and dainty, yet astonishingly strong and hard wearing, Chiffonelle can be washed again and again—the more you wash it the better it becomes. Large variety of pleasing patterns and colourings. Why not make your own Lingerie out of Chiffonelle?

32 ins. wide, 2/6½ per yard.

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"The Dainty Fabric for Dainty Folk,"  
for Summer Frocks, Evening Gowns, Blouses, etc.

40 ins. wide 3/3½ per yard.

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for dainty, hard-wearing Kiddies' Frocks.  
Delightful colours and designs.

36 ins. wide, 2/11½ per yard.

If your local draper is out of stock, write to Grafton's (Dept. E), 69, Watling Street, London, E.C. 4, who will see that a good selection of Patterns is sent to you, Post Free.

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one of the CROWN  
Toilet Dainties



THE very feel of its lather on your chin tells you that this is the Shaving Stick to make your skin smooth and refreshed, to give you that exhilarating, "freshly shaved" feeling. CROWN Shaving Stick lathers profusely—your razor can give you its best.

The Crown Perfumery Co., Ltd.  
Established 1872  
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CP 19-112

## ADVICE WE WOMEN NEED

A well-known scalp and hair specialist recently said: "If women would only depend upon the old herbal recipes for washing, restoring and deepening the tones of their hair, there would be far more beautiful hair to be seen and half my practice would be gone."

Without resorting to the harmful practice of aniline dyes, all the warmth and colour can be restored to fading hair by the use of the original herbal remedy commonly called Herboral. This excellent tonic preparation for the scalp and hair was, until recently, rather difficult to obtain as it is made by a well-known herbalist who prepared it exclusively for his wife's hair. By arrangement with the Camomile Tonic Co., 16, Lichfield Road, N.W.2, who have realised its great value to the public, it can now be bought in plain cartons at 3s. and 7s. 6d. post free. Herboral is now prepared in 18 shades to suit every kind of hair. To brown hair that is fading No. 10 and No. 11 will bring a rich warm tint. No. 17 is specially recommended to produce richer tints on dull, fair hair. With every package is a very clever book on "Various Hair Treatments," written by the herbalist, and every woman who values her hair would do well to get this book. The book is posted separately on receipt of 2d. in stamps to cover postage.

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FLOOR VARNISH



Saves 52  
days' hard  
labour on  
the floors

THERE is no need to rub and polish the floor every week with wax polish or oil. "Tessaline" will impart a rich gloss to wood, linoleum or floorcloth which will last for a whole year. It is applied with a varnish brush as easily as ordinary varnish. A broom or a damp flannel will remove all traces of dust or dirt from floors which have been varnished with "Tessaline." "Tessaline" is obtainable from the leading Oil and Colour Merchants, Decorators and House Furnishers.

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Associated with R. GAY & CO., LTD., Paint and Colour Specialists, Langthorne Works, Stratford Market, E.

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Revives, polishes,  
and preserves.

Sole Manufacturers:  
STEPHENSON BROS. LTD.,  
BRADFORD.

In Tins: 3½d., 7d., 1/2 & 2/6



*Harvey Nichols*  
of Knightsbridge



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Tailored Suit, in fine quality Gabardine, cut on practical lines, coat having inlets of own material smartly braided, giving long lines to the figure. The cuffs are also finished with braid. Coat lined throughout silk; Skirt cut full. In navy, nigger, and black, etc.

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Special offer of 75 pieces of heavy quality Honan. Best French printing, new designs and colourings suitable for Jumps, Gowns, etc. 33 ins. wide. Per yard **6/11**

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HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.



### FASHIONABLE WOOLLEN STOCKINETTE WRAP

This attractive and becoming garment is made expressly for Debenham & Freebody in woollen stockinette, and has been specially designed for motor-ing and country wear, and is a most practical and useful garment.

**WOOLLEN STOCKINETTE WRAP** (as sketch), made from softest quality stockinette, in white, black, navy and brown, stitched in check design in contrasting colours. The Wrap fastens with two buttons and narrow belt, giving loose cape effect at back.

PRICE  
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The skirt can be made to order in self colours to match ... **5 Gns.**

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with lisle tops and feet. In black only. Exceptional value.

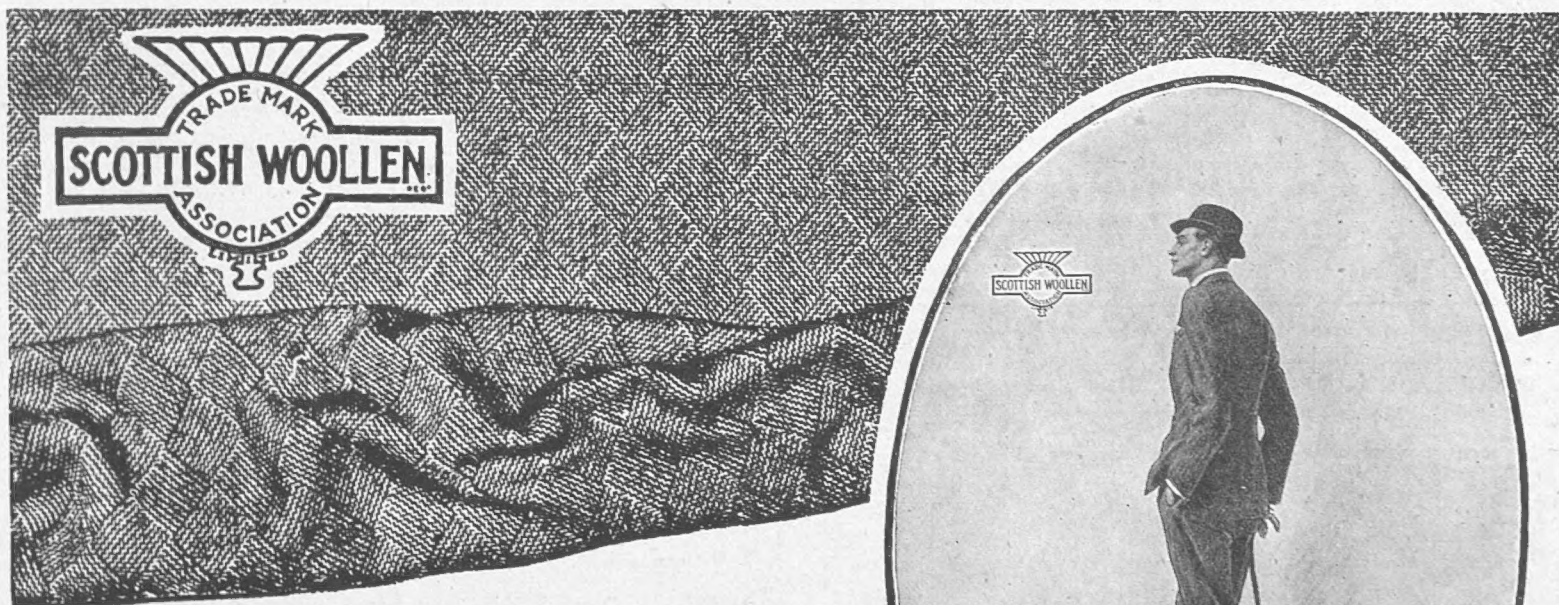
Price **10/6** per pair.



**Debenham  
& Freebody.**

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Sent on approval.



**If you pay a good price for  
clothes—get good clothes for  
the price**

Good cloth costs no more to make-up than bad. The difference shows in appearance and wear. That is a reason for asking your tailor to use *Genuine*

## Scotch Tweeds

with the above Trade Mark certifying the material made in Scotland of Pure, New wool.

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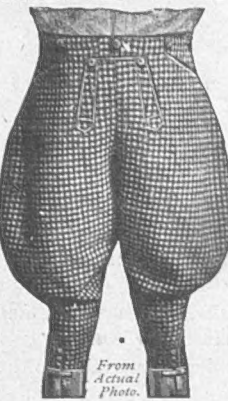
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